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Original Poem.

VIRTUE.

Extract from a Poem "Land of the Blest."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY C. H. GARBER.

I saw a child, the blooming flower of youth
Was but a bud upon her tender cheek,
Each object breathed out innocence and truth,
And happiness alone to her would speak.
To her the sunbeam was a world of brightness,
That shone continually, no cloud o'er rose
To deaden or obscure her young heart's lightness,
Or check the silence of her blessed repose.
Day was all gaiety, Night never brought
The haggard images of sleepless thought.

And as a flower, that opes it's lips to drink
The dews delicious as from Heaven they fall,
She loitered ever on affection's brink,
That she might claim a smile of love from all.
For her whole life was love, which fond emotion
Worked as the mainspring of her gentle soul,
To which all actions flowed, as to the Ocean
The rivulets in friendly union roll.
And with the freedom of the trackless sea,
Her gay soul roved as boundless and as free.

Her name was Virtue—sent on Earth to bless,
Man's weary pilgrimage of sorrow here,
A beacon light is she of cheerfulness,
Upon our dismal pathway lone and drear.
What need we fear if virtue doth approve,
If Heaven smiles, why care if men do chide,
Gaining his favor whose whole life is love,
What need we fear or sorrow for beside.
Virtue once ours the greatest good is won,
And our inheritance in Heaven begun.

For virtue is with happiness combined,
Without the one the other can not be,
It is the soul's first gem, to womankind,
The pledge of her own immortality.
Without it we are lost, and like a wreck
We float at random driven, where storms rage loud,
Where hope is but a dim, departing speck,
Soon to be hidden by the spreading cloud.
Plunging us in darkness doubly dark,
Unlighted even by a glow worm's spark.

Original Tales.

A CHAPTER
From the Mysteries of Life.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

"I will obey you, mother; but, if in years to come I shall be miserable and desolate of heart, where shall I find consolation?"

"You cannot be miserable, Ruby," replied her parent, "in the possession of love, and wealth, and honor; and if any thing disagreeable should cross your path, you will find comfort in the remembrance that you have obeyed your mother, and that her blessing rests upon your soul." And the mother, a tall, austere looking woman of fifty years, walked with a stately step from the chamber. The young girl moved not, until her mother's footsteps had descended the stairs, and the parlor door closed, shutting between that watchful ear and her overburdened heart. Then she burst into tears.

Ruby Field was a beautiful child of seventeen summers, graceful of form and fair of face, with a profusion of golden brown curls, and those peculiar blue eyes which are so full of love, and seem to plead to every heart for sympathy; and which yet kindle to joy, with an intensity almost dazzling to the beholder. She was beautiful, but she knew it not. No eye, or voice, had told her of her loveliness, and she had never thought that she was fairer than her companions.

Mrs Field had brought her daughter up in perfect seclusion from the fashionable world, never having allowed her to mingle with society, or frequent any other public place than the house of prayer. Mrs. Field was a daughter of a clergyman of the strictest school, and of course her heart beat formally, and every motion, glance, and tone, was regulated by a prescribed form of godliness. It is a pity that the moral culture, which keeps the conduct and conversation pure from every appearance of evil, cannot root the evil propensities from the heart, and purify a depraved nature. The lady in question, though a pattern of prudence, sobriety and pious devotion, yet cherished in her heart, pride, and a most earnest longing for riches, and this world's honor. From her childhood she had cherished a resolution to win and wed a rich man, and therefore rejected several offers from respectable young men, and found herself at thirty, regarded as a "precise old maid." This title, however, she repudiated, by accepting the hand of a worthy mechanic, who, though a widower, was without children. Malicious Misses said that she took him in despair, but it was evident that her heart, which she had kept stifled beneath a mountain of ambition, had at length made itself heard or felt. She did honor and obey her husband in a way which left no room for doubt as to the perfect love of her woman heart. Although her home was lowly, and her daily bread the earning of labor, still she preserved her stately carriage, and contended strenuously for the nobility of labor, and the superiority of mental worth over the accidental advantages of wealth; always ending by comparing her intelligent and industrious lord to the empty-headed effeminate foplings of fashion. And she was not called upon to make any sacrifice of her ruling passion; for her husband, a meek, simple-minded man, deemed her a saint, and perfect, and so regarded her with feelings akin to adoration. Thus, worshipped by the man she loved, and regarded by others as a pattern of piety and conjugal duties, she seemed to stand upon an enviable eminence.

But Mr. Field died, and she found herself, at the age of forty, a handsome, healthy, independent widow, with a lovely little daughter of seven years of age. She bore her bereavement, as she deemed a Christian ought, and but for the deep black, which she never put off, none could have deemed her a mourner. Toward her child, her only one, the sole relict of him whom she had loved solely and truthfully, she exhibited none of that tender weakness which the most austere will pardon in a mother. The child was like her father, of a humble, trusting spirit, gentle of heart, and meek of nature; with loving smile and melting eye of aerial blue. She loved her mother as such gentle spirits love, and she regarded her with feelings of awe, and a religious worship. She believed her parent perfect, and received her instructions as of equal authority with the word of God, with which she firmly believed that her teachings always harmonized. To feel repugnance for that which her mother commanded, or to wish for aught that she had forbidden, would have been felt by the timid child as quite unpardonable. The mother, whose self-love and longing for worship were thus gratified, forgot her responsibility as sole guardian and former of a woman, and an immortal. She did not ask herself how that wholly dependent creature would be able to sustain herself when bereft of the strong prop to which she had clung from infancy; or how she would ever think for herself, and learn to judge, and rely on her own decision, who had never dared to form or express an opinion of her own. She did not, as a judicious woman would have done, use every effort to strengthen the feeble plant, and then tenderly detaching it from its stay, teach it to support itself, to look direct to heaven for sun and dew, and wrestle for itself with the presuming winds. On the contrary, she would have been horrified if her child had displayed sufficient independence of mind to question one single dogma which she advanced as true; or to differ one hair breadth from an expressed opinion, which she neither understood or relied upon herself.

"Mother! mother! Dost thou not know that this confiding spirit must of necessity lean upon one who is stronger and sterner? that when separated from thee, it will braid its sympathies around some other, whom it will trust, worship and obey, as it now does thee, only, perchance, with a more passionate, and therefore blinder devotion! Gentleness is a gem in woman, but it should be the gentleness of feeling, controlled by a strong and upright mind; not the imbecility of a nature which, having no self-sustaining power, lies, like a leaf upon the water, at the mercy of the wind or current, which hurry it, in their careless sport, full often to a speedy destruction."

When Ruby Field heard the door close between her mother and herself, she sunk back upon the sofa from which she had arisen, in an attitude of utter helplessness and misery. "Oh, mother," she murmured, "you were always right till now," and she started and glanced around, as if she had uttered a treason, or a blasphemy. "And yet," she resumed, "can it be right to marry one whom the heart abhors, whom the soul fears, and would despise if it dared? Oh! I shall perjure my soul when I promise before God to *love* that man, or to honor him. I can obey, but no more. Oh! it is dreadful! dreadful! Why will not my mother suffer me to remain with her? I have no other wish. I had rather die to-night, this hour, than live to be Mrs Bellamy. Oh! Merciful Father, forgive me these rebellious feelings. I am sinning against my mother, consequently against thee! Yet, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!" and then she crouched down as if conscious of having incurred a burden of guilt and infamy. Pressing her face among the cushions of the sofa, she gave way to her sufferings in convulsive weeping.

Mrs. Field, meantime, sat in her easy chair with a queenly dignity, and an air of well won triumph. All her day dreams were about to be accomplished in the person of her child. Mr. Bellamy, the wealthy, the magnificent, the powerful, had sued for the hand of her daughter. She would reside in a palace, she would ride in a splendid carriage, she would be honored, and envied, and sought after;—and she herself, as Mrs Bellamy's mother, should she not share that exultation? Should she not be invited to take up her abode with her children, and then would not all power and sway rest virtually in her? Would she not guide her daughter's steps aright, and reign an oracle in the circles of high life? As these thoughts moved her mind, her person became erect, her brow expanded, her cheeks flushed, and her dark eyes burned with intense light, so that catching the reflection in a mirror opposite, she was almost tempted to do reverence to her own majestic beauty.

Mr Bellamy was a man who had increased the hundreds of a small patrimony to thousands and hundreds of thousands; of course he was no longer young, and as he must have devoted his attention to business, he was not accomplished; and as so rapid an increase of wealth can hardly come by honest accumulation, he was an artful, scheming person. But he walked proudly forth, and the subservient world bowed admiringly as he passed, and merchant-mothers courted him, displaying their live merchandise, rendered attractive by all the purchased endeavors of governesses, masters and milliners. On these, however, he smiled disdainfully, for though he worshipped wealth, and had spent his life, and stained his soul for its acquirement, he still despised the manoeuvres of those who longed to participate in the enjoyment of his treasures. Avarice had strangled every generous feeling of his nature, and his worst propensities had grown rank in their decay; but now that he was rich, beyond the power of adversity, he began to look around for the gratifications which he had passed by, or trampled under foot, in his pursuit of wealth. He would have a wife, a gentle, confiding creature, uncontaminated by contact with the world; untouched by its breath of flattery, uninitiated in its arts or heartless affectations; and she should love him solely, fondly, believingly; so that being a very slave to his will in all things, she should find her sole and satisfying happiness in unquestioning obedience.

In Miss Field he fancied that he had found all he could ask in woman; and while he blessed the rigid rule that had made her what he found her, he inwardly resolved not to have his own rule interfered with by a mother's previously established authority; or his will disputed by one accustomed to rule; Mrs Field therefore, was not to reside in his house, or to maintain any familiar intercourse with his wife.

"I do not ask you, madam," he said, when he made his proposal to Mrs. Field, "I do not ask you if your daughter loves *me*, this is hardly to be expected, much less to be acknowledged by so timid a young creature; but I ask you on your sacred honor, does she love another? Has there ever been any attachment on her part?"

"None—I most solemnly assure you," replied the conscientious mother. "I would not counsel my daughter to give her hand to one, while her heart was in possession of another."

"I believe you, madam, and am satisfied." So all preliminaries were settled, and the wedding day appointed; and the mother had just announced to her daughter the happy and splendid destiny that awaited her, when we took a peep into the chamber of conference.

There was a general spirit of envy pervading the whole community of mothers and daughters, on the day of Ruby Field's bridal. The young bride was so fair and fortunate, and the mother so proud and happy; and there was such a display of magnificence and gladness,—nor was the demon confined to female bosoms. Who amongst the men, married or unmarried, did not envy Mr. Bellamy the possession of so fair and pure a treasure. Yet all united in deeming the bridegroom fortunate, the bride highly favored, and both blessed and happy.

But there was one who looked upon that bridal as a mother looks on the death-scene of her only child. He was a young student, who though he had never spoken to Miss Field, had read her character aright, in her face, and demeanor; and worshipped, at a distance, the loveliness, which he dared not love. He said to his own heart that day—"I do not love her, but I dread the fate that awaits her. She must be miserable in this connection, and she is so meek and guileless, that she does not deserve the punishment. Oh! if it might fall upon those who have brought her a sacrifice, for the altar of mamon. I pity her—but I do not—I have not loved." And his heart answered—"It may be so, but we are wholly desolate."

One year! Oh! what changes pass in that short period! Mrs Field lay dying, of baffled ambition, wounded pride, and a broken heart. Dying in her own modest dwelling, where, since her daughter's marriage, she had pined alone. That daughter—that dutiful, affectionate child; she knew that her mother was ill—sinking to the grave; and yet she came not to soothe her. Bitter were the thoughts that heaved that mother's bosom, that gave a restless flashing fire to her eye, and an uneasy motion to her attenuated form. She could not rest—there was no peace—no peace. Her brethren of the church called in to look upon her; they spoke to her of her christian life, her pious words, and works—her perfect walk before God—and assured her of the Divine acceptance; but they went away wondering, and spake in suppressed tones to each other, that sister Field was so depressed in view of death; she, who of all women, should depart in triumph; but, they remarked—"God moves in a mysterious way."

Now a splendid carriage is at the door; the attendant enters the sick room, and announces Mr. and Mrs. Bellamy. The poor mother shudders, and groans out her reply—"Show them up." And they are in her presence. The cold heartless man, inquires after her health, with a bland smile—and the lady, in all the fashionable pomp of dress, is led near to the bedside, almost smiling. But no sooner did her eye rest on the face of the sad sufferer than she sprang forward, gathered the languid head to her bosom, and shed on it a gush of warm big tears. And the dying woman, who had seldom wept, who had lately prayed earnestly for the blessing of tears—she felt the scalding drops break upon the sealed fountains with a burning agony—and then she sobbed, until her daughter's bosom was drenched with the flowing waters. Mr. Bellamy looked on uneasily, and at length interposed.

"This is all useless," he said; "Ruby, you will make yourself ill. If you cannot restrain your feelings, I must take you home immediately." Mrs. Field felt some risings of her native spirit at his words, but she merely said, as she lay back on her pillow—

"Mr. Bellamy, I have some things to say to my child, which must be spoken to her alone. I have had no confidential intercourse with her, during the last year—and I must now converse with her a little while. Leave her here one hour; you see I am dying. Leave her with me one hour."

"Certainly madam, if you require it," he replied. "I am going up town on business that may detain me till evening; Mrs. Bellamy may remain until I return—when I hope to see you both better." And he withdrew.

"Tell me, my child," inquired the mother, earnestly, as soon as she had heard the carriage move from the door. "Tell me, are you happy?"

"Happy? Oh! mother! I have never been happy since I left this quiet home. *He* has no soul, no heart, no sympathy. He does not understand me at all; there is no communion between us, of thought or feeling. I might as well have wedded a dumb animal. And then, mother, he is very cruel to me, and speaks so bitterly; and he makes me feel that I am indebted to him for all the useless magnificence, which he heaps up around me, and constrains me to send away the applicant for charity empty handed, and while they curse my heartlessness, my poor heart is breaking with pity and sorrow. No mother, no—I am not happy. The consiousness that I married in obedience to your wishes, the blessing which you bestowed upon me, even these have failed to give me comfort. But Oh! mother, I did not willingly absent myself from you. I suppose that my husband feared that I would confide my unhappiness to you, and so he would not suffer me to see you, except in his presence. Now I beseech you forgive me; forgive me all the pain that I have ever caused you; and bless me with a blessing that shall bring me consolation."

The mother groaned deeply, as she replied—"How should my blessing benefit thee? I taught thee obedience—I moulded the yielding nature to my will. Thou didst obey me—but in wedding one whom thou didst not love, in obedience to me, thou didst sin against God. The fault was mine; Oh! that I could bear the penalty. She who marries without love, outrages the law which God has stamped upon all nature; and however ignorantly it may be done—whatever the incentive may be, her punishment is sure, all nature cries out against her—and she finds no rest on earth. Wearily she bears her burden, longing for the grave, and blessed if amid the wilderness of life, she has been enabled to keep the path that leadeth to the land of rest. I gave you a fearful sacrifice, Ruby. I who professed to worship God, immolated my child more cruelly than the heathen who causes his darling to pass through the fire, to propitiate his idol. In that case it is a brief though terrible agony—in yours the agony is terrible, and endures long weary years. I blessed my sacrifice, as the heathen blesses his; but to God, one blessing was equally abhorrent with the other. Oh! my child! I who have professed to follow the Lord, have all my lifetime been a worshipper of the world. I sought not the approbation of our Father in Heaven, but the honor and reverence of his creatures here on earth. I deceived myself, and others. God is merciful for Christ's sake—or now I should utterly despair. Hope is faint with me, and her lamp is very dim. Its rays pierce not the darkness of this black valley. I see no shining gate beyond—no Paradise of joy and glory. I grope amongst the shadowy phantoms, afraid and trembling, lest I sink into the abyss. My child—my child! I cannot bless you; I have not faith to pray for you, or for myself. I only beseech you, that when the burden of your lot presses heaviest on your heart, and the waters of sorrow gush with most intense bitterness, you will not curse the memory of the unwise woman, who wedded you to mammon. Do not curse me, my child, my only one. I knew not then what I was doing." And so she continued to lament and accuse herself, refusing to be comforted. And when Mr. Bellamy called at nightfall for his wife, he found her weeping frantically over the death-white face of her deceased mother.

The world said that Mrs. Bellamy felt her mother's loss severely. And the student of whom we spake, he marked the pallid cheek, and drooping form; and he knew that the root of her sorrow was in a living bosom, not in the quiet grave; and he said—"Oh, that I might offer sympathy"—and his heart replied—"It is right so to do."

Another year had passed. Mrs. Bellamy sat in her chamber, with an open letter in her hand: her cheeks were brightly flushed, her eyes were radiant with the heart's happiness; her lips were beautiful with the smile of perfect content. She read her missive to the end—refolded it—knelt, and pressing it warmly to her heart, with her soft eyes beaming heavenward through her tears; poured out an ardent thanksgiving to the Merciful, for the dearest, holiest boon of life, a warm true-hearted disinterested friend.

One, two, three years had passed. Mrs. Bellemy was spoken of as an excellent wife—and altogether an amiable woman. Her husband pursued the even tenor of his way, and many gossiping persons expressed their wonder, that so young and lovely a woman as Mrs. Bellamy, could be content to live in such seclusion from the gay world, in compliance with so uninteresting a gentleman's taste, or requirements. But some one always replied that a woman regards no sacrifice for a man she loves, and it was evident that Mrs. Bellamy loves her lord tenderly.

Mrs Bellamy was walking her chamber, in a state of agitation, amounting almost to distraction. A crushed and somewhat torn letter lay upon the floor—and as she continued her walk, with wild dry eyes, and hand clasped and wringing with agony, she set her foot upon it. She paused, took it up, sank upon the carpet, and having smoothed it out tenderly and pitifully, read it over slowly, seeming to linger upon every word. She then raised her eyes with an apprehensive glance, and murmured—"To this! to this? Has it come to *this!* Undone—undone! Forever—Oh! forever. Friendship! Sympathy! Confidence! Oh! what have ye done? My poor heart relied so on your holiness, your sustaining strength; and now ye have put forth the flower of passion, with its intoxicating breath—and I am lost—lost. But I will not meet him. We will both die. We are now awake to our real position; we cannot retrace our steps, but we will go no farther. Plato! Plato Oh! visionary heathen! We believe in thy teachings—but our hearts convict thee of dangerous delusion—and now that it is too late, show us how foolishly we have believed thee. We have walked on blindly, amid flowers and melody, to the brink of a precipice; now I see the danger. I will reply to this mad letter; and we will both die." And she fell on her knees beside the table, and wrote with a trembling hand, she knew not what herself.

Time went on. His sceptre had marked fourteen revolutions, on the dial plate of eternity. He of whom we have spoken as the young student, had become an eminent and universally esteemed man; and it was often said of him that he had not an enemy on earth. But now his body was found in a lonely grave, pierced with wounds, and disfigured with bruises. No single article of value was found upon him; although he was known to wear a valuable watch and other jewelry. Of course, he had been murdered by robbers; and the jury gave their verdict accordingly.

A few days after the funeral of the murdered man whose untimely end was sincerely lamented by all who knew him; and for whom many a poor widow, orphan, and cripple wept, as for a best and only benefactor; a few days after he was laid under the sod forever, a violent fever came upon Mrs. Bellamy with symptoms of the most alarming kind. At length the disease having reduced her to the mere shadow of life became exhausted. She was convalescent, and reclined in an easy chair, supported by pillows, appearing more like a withered lily than a human form. Her attendant withdrew; she clasped her emaciated hand, looked up hopelessly to heaven, half ejaculating, "Pity!" then drooping her head she sat silent and motionless, except a quivering of the eyelids, as the big tears had gathered beneath them, and fell one by one, heavily to the floor. If a painter had wanted a subject for a picture of utter wretchedness, he could not have found one more expressive.

Mr. Bellamy entered the room with a slow firm step, took a chair, and sat down in front of his wife. She raised her eyes to his face—a shudder passed through her frame, and she covered her eyes with her thin trembling hand, while he continued to gaze earnestly upon him. He was now an old man, and the lineaments of character were deeply marked upon his face; but now his grey hair was disheveled over his forehead, his features expressed revenge, hatred, and remorse; and withal a sorrow, deeper than passion, heavier than guilt. During several minutes he continued thus to regard her, then drawing from his pocket a handkerchief stained with blood, he unwrapped from it a gold watch, and laying both upon her knee, said, in a sepulchral tone, "I give you these as remembrances of him you loved. It rests with you to proclaim my guilt, and your own; the one tale involves the other. When you are forgiven, I may find mercy also."

A low groan struggled up from the lady's heart, but she did not move or raise her eyes; and he rose from his chair heavily, surveyed the apartment as if writing all its details upon his memory, left the room, and soon was seen on horseback riding down the street toward the landing on the river.

Years went by, but Mr Bellamy came no more to his sumptuous house. The deserted stricken wife lived on, if an existence without hope, without one gleam of joy, and with a clouded intellect may be termed life. It was said that she was crazy; that the mysterious disappearance of her husband was too great a shock for her weak nerves in their then state of debility, and that she was a victim to conjugal love and sorrow.

But she was not wholly deranged, only she seldom joined in conversation, and seemed utterly careless of pecuniary matters. She never slept, only, when under the influence of a powerful soporific, and no taint of life ever came back to her cheek or lip. Every day, when it was possible, she crept to the church, robed in the deepest mourning, and covered with a long black veil, and if she could gain admittance (and when her desire became known, the door was always left so that she could open it) would prostrate herself before the altar, and weep as if the fountains of her soul were broken up for hours, yet she uttered no voice of prayer. Sometimes she would sit for hours in the church yard beside her mother's grave, (they had buried the murdered *student* next to Mrs. Field) and on that grave she would lay her lily white cheek, and utter strange words of pleading to the departed, and for her loved and *lost!* And there she would draw from her bosom her husband's last gift, the stained pocket handkerchief, and steep it wet with tears. None disturbed her wittingly, for she had been so fair and gentle, and kind to every body, that the most rugged natures reverenced her affliction,—but a child heard her once utter, as she folded the tear-dewed linen, "When I have washed these stains all out with my heart's tears, then we may rest together." People wondered what she meant; but none ever knew who murdered him, who was once the young student; none could tell what became of Mr. Bellamy, although it was universally believed that he was assassinated; none could understand the deep and hopeless sorrow of the bereaved widow; but amid the ruins of her heart which lay like a Herculaneum crushed and buried beneath the lava that had grown cold and hard above it; amid these silent ruins walked the spectres of fearful deeds. Oh she knew it all. Who shall describe; who may understand the cruel unremediable agony of that *woman's* soul? But she locked them in forever, and they lie in the secret grave amid the many mysteries of life—of woman's life, which is too often a braided mystery of the strongest, deepest, self-sacrificing love,—soul-crushing, heart-devouring sorrow,—and guilt—bitter guilt—with its eating regret, and cruel remorse, which awaken—not penitence—but a sleepless restless yearning for the past—with the troubled burning blisses for which she would again peril and lose all.

Original Poetry.

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY A LADY.

In wooing strains we call thee Spring,
Renew thy gladsome reign!
Once more the rose and flowret bring,
And verdure on the plain.

Too long, too long, has Winter swayed,
With most inclement skies,
Too long, oh! Spring hast thou delayed,
Regardless of our sighs.

Come vernal day, when mead and field,
In their gay livery dressed,
Shall joy to merry tillers yield,
With hope of harvest blessed.

Come vernal morn, when songsters sweet,
Perched on the leafy spray,
With mingled carols blend shall greet
The orient beams of day.

Come vernal days when blossoms fair
Shall deck the leafless grove;
Sweet fragrance floats along the air,
And all invite to love.

GETTING THROUGH LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Life is like a wretched crab-stick,
By far too full of knots and winding,
He who gets through without a kick
Must feel he ne'er is worth the minding!

E. W.

☞ A new paper called "The Locomotive," has been established at Poughkeepsie. It is a literary paper, and the various departments are distinguished by the captions—"Ladies' Car," "Baggage Car," "Mail Car," etc.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.

NUMBER FORTY-SIX.

MILAN—THE DUOMO—PRIESTS—"WILHELM TELL" AT LA SCALA—AN AMATEUR OPERA—PICTURE GALLERY—THE "ARCODELLA PACE."

Milan, August 21, 1845.

In this lively, noisy Italian city, nearly all there is to see may be comprised in four things—the Duomo, the triumphal arch over the Simplon, La Scala and the Picture Gallery; but these are much. The first alone is more interesting than many an entire city. We went there yesterday afternoon soon after getting here. It stands in an irregular open place, closely hemmed in by houses on two sides, so that it can be seen to advantage from only one point. It is a mixture of the Gothic and Romanesque styles, and entirely covered with statues and richly-wrought sculpture, with needle-like spires of white marble rising up from every corner. But of the exquisite, airy look of the whole mass, solid and vast as it is, it is impossible to convey an idea. It seemed like some fabric of frost work which winter traces on the window-panes. I have rarely seen a Cathedral which excited so much mingled pleasure and admiration. Although of mixed style, there is a unity of beauty about the whole, which the eye takes in with a feeling of perfect and satisfied delight. Ascending the marble steps which lead up to the front, I lifted the folds of the heavy curtain and entered. What a glorious aisle! The mighty pillars support a magnificent arched ceiling of fretted sculpture, and the little light that falls through the small windows above, enters tinged with a dim golden hue. A feeling of solemn awe comes over one as he steps with a hushed tread along the colored marble floor, and measures the massive columns till they blend with the gorgeous arches above. There are four rows of these, nearly fifty in all, and when I state that they are eight feet in diameter, and sixty or seventy in height, some idea may be formed of the grandeur of the building. Imagine the Girard College turned into one great hall, with four rows of pillars, equal in size to those around it, reaching to its roof, and you will have a rough sketch of the interior of the Duomo.

In the centre of the cross is a light and beautiful dome, and one who will stand under this, and look down the broad middle aisle to the entrance, has one of the sublimest vistas to be found in the world. The choir has three enormous windows, covered with dazzling paintings and the ceiling is of marble and silver. There are gratings under the high altar, by looking into which, I could see a dark, lonely chamber below, where one or two feeble lamps showed a circle of praying places. It was probably a funeral vault, which persons visited to pray for the repose of their friends' souls. The number of statues about the Duomo is astonishing. It is not yet entirely finished, the workmen being still employed in various parts, but it is said, that when completed there will be four thousand statues on the different parts of it. Every part of the Cathedral is of the purest white marble, and many of the statues are of very fine workmanship.

The streets of Milan are full of priests in their cocked hats and long black robes. They all have the same solemn air, and seem to go about like kings shut out from all communion with pleasure. I know of no sight lately that saddened me so much as to see a bright, beautiful boy, of twelve or thirteen years, in those gloomy garments. Poor fellow! he little knows now what he may have to endure. A lonely, cheerless life, where every affection must be crushed as unholy, and every pleasure denied as a crime! And I know by his fair brow and tender lip, that he had a warm and loving heart. I could not help regarding this class as victims to a mistaken idea of religious duty, and if I am not mistaken, I read on more than one brow the traces of passions that burned within.

We were last night in La Scala. Rossini's opera of William Tell was advertised, and as we had visited so lately the scene where that glorious historical drama was enacted, we went to see how it could be represented in sound. It is a grand subject and in the hands of a powerful composer, might be made very effective, but I must confess I was disappointed in the present case. The overture is really very fine. It begins low and mournful, like the lament of the Swiss over their fallen liberties. Occasionally a low drum is heard, as if to rouse them up to action, and meanwhile the lament swells up to a cry of despair. The drums now wake up the land, the horn of Uri is heard pealing forth its summoning strain, and the echoes seem to come back from the distant Alps. The sound now changes for the roar of battle—the clang of trumpets, drums and cymbals. The whole orchestra did their best to represent this combat in music, which after lasting a short time, changed into the loud, victorious march of the conquerors. But the body of the opera, although it had several fine passages, was exceedingly tiresome and devoid of interest; in fact, unworthy of the reputation of Rossini, and much more so, of the lofty subject.

The theatre is of immense size,—perhaps the largest in the world. The singers are all good; in Italy it could not be otherwise, where everybody sings. As I write a party of Italians in the house opposite have been amusing themselves with going through the whole opera of "*La fille du Regiment*," with the accompaniment of the piano, and they show the greatest readiness and correctness in their performance. They have now become somewhat boisterous and appear to be improvising. One young gentleman executes trills with amazing skill, and another appears to have taken the part of a despairing lover, but the lady has a very pretty voice, and warbles on and on, like a nightingale. Occasionally a group of listeners in the street below clap them applause, for as the windows are always open, the whole neighborhood can enjoy the performance.

This forenoon I was in the Picture Gallery. It occupies a part of the Library Building, in the Palazzo Cabresa. It is not very large, and many of the pictures seem to be of no value to anybody but antiquarians, but still there are some excellent paintings, which render it well worthy of a visit. Among these, a marriage, by Raphael, is still in a very good state of preservation, and there are some fine pictures by Paul Veronese and the Caracci. I noticed also a beautiful Madonna by Guido, in his rich and mellow style of coloring. The most admired painting, however, is "Abraham sending away Hagar," by Guercino. I never saw a more touching expression of grief than in the face of Hagar. Her eyes are red with weeping, and as she listens in an agony of tears to the patriarch's command, she still seems doubting the reality of her doom. The countenance of Abraham is venerable and calm, and expresses little emotion; but one can read in that of Sarah, as she turns away, a feeling of pity for her unfortunate rival. I saw no less than five different copies of this picture in the room. There are two lovely Madonnas by Sassoferato, one in which she is surrounded by cherubs seems also to be a great favorite with the young painters, and its simple beauty well deserves it. A Jupiter and Juno, with Ganymede holding the vase of nectar, by Appiani, a modern artist, is worthy of admiration for its chaste and classic elegance. Half the pictures by the old artists were Holy Families, but they were rendered uninteresting by the introduction of great, shaven-headed monks, kneeling in various attitudes, while sometimes a bishop in his straight mitre and stiff robes, stood at the side of the Virgin. I cannot conceive how the old Italians could do such violence to the sublime and poetic beauty of the subject.

In the hall of the Dominican Convent is the celebrated fresco of the Last Supper, the masterpiece of Leonardo da Vinci—or rather *was*, for it is at present so mutilated and defaced, that nothing can be seen of its original beauty. Besides the changes time had made, the vandal hands of the French completed its destruction. When they suppressed the Convent, they turned this hall into a shooting gallery, and used as their targets, the heads of the Saviour and the Apostles!

Next to the Duomo, the most beautiful specimen of architecture in Milan is the Arch of Peace, on the north side of the city, at the commencement of the Simplon Road. It was the intention of Napoleon to have carried the road under this arch, across the Piazza d' Armi, and to have cut a way for it directly into the heart of the city, but the fall of his dynasty prevented the execution of this magnificent design, as the completion of the arch itself. This has been done by the Austrian government, according to the original plan, and they have inscribed upon it the name of Francis I., and changed the bas-reliefs of Lodi and Marengo into those of a few fields where their forces had gained the victory. It is even said that in many parts which were already finished, they altered the splendid Roman profile of Napoleon into the haggard and repulsive features of Francis of Austria.

The bronze statues on the top were made by an artist of Bologna, by Napoleon's order, and are said to be the finest works of modern times. In the centre is the goddess of Peace, in a triumphal car, drawn by six horses, while on the corners four angels, mounted, are starting off to convey the tidings to the four quarters of the globe. The artist has caught the spirit of motion and chained it in these moveless figures. One would hardly feel surprised if the goddess, chariot, horses and all, were to start off and roll away through the air.

With the rapidity usual to Americans we have already got through with Milan, and shall start tomorrow morning on a walk to Genoa. When these ninety miles are passed, you may expect to hear from me again.

J. B. T.

Selected Tales.

FASHIONABLE BENEVOLENCE.

BY H. S. PASON.

We do too much relax the social chain,
That binds us to each other; slight the care
There is for grief, in which we have no share.

"And she works exquisitely, too, so much better than that impudent Mrs Blanchard, who, if you will believe it, Ann, never put on that double frill, even after my express directions; and I, nothing doubting but that the creature had done as I told her, never perceived the omission until I put on the dress to wear to a ball."

"But where did you hear of this poor woman, Emma, who works so well and so cheap? She must be destitute, to do it for such a trifle."

"Oh yes, she is wretchedly poor, with a family of children, and her husband dead or absent. Our girl, Mary, accidentally found her out, and told me she thought Mrs. M——, that is the woman's name, would be glad to sew for me; so I sent for her, and bargained her down, until she was willing to do it for almost anything, rather than not at all. But all this is *entre nous*, for you know I could not withdraw my patronage from my former seamstress, to bestow it on a new one, unless she was cheaper. I thought she might sew for you, when she was not engaged for me. It is something of an object to save *more than half* what we give Mrs. Blanchard."

"I am delighted to think that you have met with such a prize, for I am convinced that these fashionable milliners and mantua makers are monstrously expensive, and most of all the work, this woman can do just as well, I dare say."

"She works beautifully, although Mary says one would not think, to see her wretched condition, that she could have the heart to do anything; that is what makes her willing to throw away her work so, as Mrs. Blanchard would call it. Are you going to the 'Social Circle' this afternoon, Anna?"

"Certainly. Mr. Handon is to read us some extracts from that new novel; and, besides, the object is so good. 'Angels of mercy,' you know he called us. But do you know, Emma, why Jane Gleason has never joined?" She must have been invited."

"No; for I asked her myself, and her reply was, that she would inform me if she concluded to become a member of the 'Circle,' and I have never heard a word from her on the subject."

"She is very peculiar, but, as it is whispered that she does good to the poor, I thought she would be among the first to aid an enterprise like this. Did you read the description of the fair at P——? We shall have a splendid one soon; then Jane will repent of her oddity. Is it time to go?"

"Yes, a little past the hour appointed; and I must hear that *affecting scene* in the new novel, if it is read."

Shall we follow our young friends to the scene of their charity? Attentive as it was, we fear that it is impossible to do it justice. Bright faces might be seen grouped here and there, and fair fingers employed in every variety of fanciful ornamental devices. Gentlemen too, who although not privileged "to ply the polished shaft," yet creditably sustained their part as the inspirers, or the *inspirees*. Books, though sometimes listened to with tolerable attention, were soon thrown aside, as less interesting than conversation. Dress, manners, and characters were fully discussed; parties and balls projected; flirtations canvassed, and "all the endless round of nothings." Emma Roberts and her cousin Anna, were among the most zealous; Emma being one of the *directresses* of the "Social Circle."

"How handsome she is," whispered Henry Benton to his friend Harwin; "and so benevolent too. Did you hear how enthusiastically she spoke of the approaching fair? I heard her tell sister Catherine that it would do so much good. How unusual to hear young ladies think of such things. I must become better acquainted with her," and crossing the room, he began an animated conversation with Miss Roberts, who failed not to convince him still more, that she was truly and uncommonly disinterested.

"I had no idea," said Henry to his sister, on their return home, "that your 'Circle' was so pleasant. I think I shall accompany you more frequently in future."

"It is sufficiently pleasant," replied Catherine, "but I sometimes doubt its utility. The work which is accomplished by the young ladies, I have feared was taken from, and thus injuring the interests of poor persons, and the time, exertion, and money thus spent in ostentation and parade might be employed in a more simple and private way by individuals."

"You are too scrupulous, my dear Catherine; surely united effort must accomplish more than individual, and sociability and friendly feeling are thus promoted, and, as Miss Roberts told you, others are benefitted."

"I hope it may be so, but do not think me censorious, if I say that I sometimes think others might be benefitted still more, if these young ladies were each one of them to visit those scenes of poverty and distress, and give their counsel, sympathy and assistance. Now, it seems pleasant to them to meet together, when they have no other engagements, and talk in general terms of charity, etc., but how few, it is to be feared, know what are self-denial and perseverance against obstacles, in order to do good."

"I cannot judge them so harshly. It seems to me, that ladies like Miss Roberts, for instance, are more to be admired for the sincere benevolence of heart which they display, than for all the charms of person, or even of mind."

"I know nothing of Miss Roberts which would contradict that appearance of kindness, so delightful, so praiseworthy, wherever and whenever seen, of which you speak. With you, I have often admired the interest she manifests in every thing relating to our circle, and I only hope, my dear brother, that public and private charity may accompany each other. But I have been surprised not to see Miss Gleason at any of our meetings; she always seems social and friendly, and I have expected to meet her there."

Months passed by, bringing the wished-for fair near at hand, and report said that Henry Benton was becoming daily more and more pleased with the pretty, interesting and *benevolent* Miss Roberts. No one could approve of these *on dits*, or wish that they might prove true, more ardently than the lady herself; for Mr. Benton was, as the fathers would have styled him, a safe *parti*, the mothers a desirable, and the daughters a perfect one. With wealth, rank and talents, joined to accomplished manners and firm integrity, his society was universally courted. As yet, however, he had never paid his devoirs at any fair shrine; but, like most of those whom fashion or interest has not moulded to do her bidding, he had a *beau ideal* in his own mind, of the being whom he should wish to call his, and that had never yet been realized. Miss Roberts, attractive as she was in person, would probably have excited in him no peculiar interest, had not her apparent benevolence of heart won his attention. One who could talk thus eloquently of relieving suffering, must, he thought, be amiable to no common degree. She cannot be one of those frivolous, heartless beings, absorbed in selfish gratification, thinking not of the responsibility devolving upon them, and forgetting

"The sacred ties that bind us each to each."

It was a cold and dreary night when Henry Benton and his sister sat by their cheerful fire, conversing upon the merits of a book, from which he had just been reading. Every thing around looked bright and pleasant, and it might well seem almost impossible for the inmates of that dwelling to think that any one could be less happy than themselves. It seems to be the natural effect of extremes of joy or sorrow, to prevent us from realizing the misery of others. It is difficult for the heart bounding with joy, to whom all things around bear *la couleur de rose*, to imagine the "smaller miseries or great sufferings" of others, and one who is plunged into the depths of unhappiness, is too apt to be absorbed by the consideration of his own calamities. Our friends were not selfish, but certain it is, that the misfortunes which "flesh is heir to," were not present to their minds, when Catherine was informed that a poor woman lived near her, who was, or had been very sick.

"You were going out for a short time, Henry," said she to her brother, "and I will go with you as far as this woman's house, where you can call for me as you return."

"Do not venture out such an evening as this, Catherine. You can send some one to inquire into the circumstances and give her aid."

"But I shall be better satisfied to see how she does myself—nay, do not object, my dear brother," added she, smiling; "do you think the cold can penetrate through all this fur? I know the exercise will benefit me. Come, let us go. This is the house," said she, as they arrived at the dwelling where she had been told the object of her visit resided. "Now, you can come for me as you return," and she gently opened the door of a room where a light faintly glimmered. But she was not, as she afterwards declared, prepared for the scene that met her view. In a miserable hut, insufficient to protect its inmates from the inclemency of the weather, was extended the sick woman on a low bed, supported by Miss Gleason, who was administering a cordial. The apartment, too, though indicating poverty, bore an air of neatness, and little comforts were strewed here and there, as if some kind hand had lent its aid.

"And you are here before me, Jane!" said Catherine, advancing towards her.

"Yes, I have been here some time. Mrs. M—— has been very sick, but she seems more comfortable now."

"I had never heard of her until to-day," answered Catherine, "or I should have visited her before. I have brought her some trifles, which I hope may benefit her till we can do something more."

The sick woman groaned—"Oh! if I had what is justly my due, I need not trouble others so much. Lady," said she, striving to speak distinctly, "long, long nights have I never closed my eyes to sleep, striving to earn something for myself and my poor children. She told me unless I did the work cheap, I could not have it, and I did it almost for nothing, rather than not do it at all; but I have never been paid even that."

"Who employed you, Mrs. M——?" asked Catherine.

"Miss Roberts sent for me, and gave me her sewing to do, and last night she sent me word that unless I completed some work which I have had out for a week, she must withdraw it all from me."

"Do not agitate yourself about it, Mrs. M——," said Miss Gleason, gently, "your wants shall be supplied, until you are able to exert yourself without injury."

"But, my dear young lady, I cannot but think of it. I should not have minded it myself, for I am sure, unless I could hope to show my gratitude for your kindness, and watch over my children, I have nothing to live for but to think of them."—Mr. Benton at this instant stepped in at the door, but not being perceived, he did not interrupt her by accosting his sister. "I have seen them crying for bread, and I told Miss Roberts that, destitute as I was, I would sew for anything that could procure them bread. Long nights I have never slept, but labored, without a moment's rest, to procure them something. And when I asked her for the money, she said she never paid those little sums until they amounted to something; and added, she could not stop either, for she was going to some society, or circle as she called it, and could not listen. I came home, but I could support it no longer; I could not even go out to beg food, and oh! my children, I must have perished had not this angel"—said she, turning to Miss Gleason with tears in her eyes, and then sinking back, exhausted with the effort of speaking.

"She shall not be alone in future, in her errands of mercy," said Catherine, hardly able to speak. "Rejoice," added she, turning as she perceived her brother, "that I came here, Henry, for I have learnt a lesson not soon to be forgotten."

The character and life of Jane Gleason was indeed worthy of being remembered and imitated. With a gifted and cultivated mind, she had a feeling heart and firm principles. Although every way fitted, if she had been so inclined, to become "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," she chose rather to improve the talents committed to her charge to higher and nobler purposes. In her charity, she was constant and kind, and scrupulously followed His example who "went about doing good," and although her name might never have been seen in the public prints, as "lady president" or directress of public societies, or a graceful presider over a fair, it was graven in the hearts of many a widow and orphan whom she gladdened by her kindness. To those who feel interested in the fate of Mrs. M——, we will add that she did recover, and through the efforts of her friends, was enabled to maintain herself and her family comfortably, of course with more generous employers that Miss Roberts, who still continued her enthusiasm for public charity, although we will confess, it has never since excited so much admiration in Henry Benton. The scene at the cottage often recurs to his memory. Since the evening of which we spoke, he has seen Jane Gleason the centre of attraction in the circle of her friends, exhilarating all the graces of mind and person, but never has she looked more lovely in his eyes, and never has he found her to be less worthy to be the companion of joy and sorrow, the sharer and heightener of one, the reliever of the other, than when in that poor dwelling, dispensing alleviation to the afflicted, and affording such a striking contrast to "*fashionable benevolence.*"

Education Essays.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

NUMBER TWO.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We spoke last week of the injurious tendency to the health, of too great an application to study in early youth. But it is equally as injurious to the personal appearance. Constant and free exercise in the open air gives grace to the figure and elasticity to the movements. The attitudes of children are noted for their elegance. Captain Cook speaks particularly of the graceful walk and beautiful persons of the women of Otaheite, and of the other tropical islands where they were accustomed to living almost constantly out of doors. Even to this day the Irish peasantry, who spend much of their time in the open air, are remarkable for well-proportioned figures. The Italian women, especially those around Rome, are distinguished for beauty, chiefly the result of their mode of life. Health is, indeed, indispensable to loveliness; and a want of proper exercise in youth and afterward is a prominent reason why the American women fade so much sooner than the English. Mental culture is of great service in heightening the mere physical beauty of the face, but without health enduring loveliness is impossible, and even an intellectual expression fails to redeem a countenance worn thin by sickness. High animal spirits have a powerful effect in producing beauty of face, and these disappear with disease. Females, whose physical education has been attended to in youth, retain their charms much longer than those who have been neglected in childhood. English ladies of rank are proverbial for their fine persons and for wearing well; and, perhaps, no race of men or women is so well cultivated physically as the members of the English nobility. It is not altogether the climate to which a British female is indebted for her beauty.

But to return to the effect which neglect of exercise produces on the young girl. Many of the nervous disorders prevalent may be attributed to this cause. The celebrated Hufeland says, "intellectual effort in the first years of life is injurious. We ought not to think of attempting this while nature is wholly occupied with the development of organs, and has need of all the vigor of the system to effect this object. The nervous system thus acquires a predominance over all others, which it preserves for the remainder of life, producing innumerable nervous complaints, melancholy, hypochondria, &c., &c." In later life the same effect may be produced by later or irregular hours, by devoting the mind too much to exciting fictions, by love, or by any other agitating cause. In our own observation we have known large numbers of interesting females whose health was injured by this neglect on the part of their parents while young, and subsequently by their own ignorance or folly in not counteracting, by proper exercise, the effects produced by late parties or otherwise. A subject so important deserves the serious consideration of every woman.

There is no doubt that civilization, while it has lengthened the term of life in the abstract (the annual mortality a century ago being one in twenty, whereas it is now only one in forty) has tended to increase the frequency of nervous diseases, such as apoplexy, palsy, &c. Dyspepsia is also more common. This is attributable to the neglect of proper exercise, the tormenting cares of business, and the late and irregular hours of modern life. Families suffer most from the first and last of these causes. Diseases of the heart frequently arise in the same way. Consumption may often be traced to a like cause. Indeed nearly every disorder of civilized life may be laid at the door of a defective physical education. Let the nervous system once obtain the ascendancy, and the least indiscretion will bring on sickness, and perhaps premature death. Nothing but a rigid attention to exercise, and a proper avoidance of all morbific influence can preserve the health or the beauty.

Insanity is another result. In the United States, where the intellect is more severely taxed from childhood than in any other civilized country, and where constant and proper exercise, which alone can counteract this labor of the brain, is comparatively little attended to, the number of insane persons is as two to one when compared with England. The same difference is perceptible in different sections of the country. In the rural districts of the west for instance the insane bear not more than half the proportion to the whole poplation that they do in the manufacturing districts of New England. In Scotland, too, where the people are of a metaphysical turn, the number of the insane is larger than in England. These facts show conclusively that wherever the nervous system is predominant there is a tendency to insanity; *a startling consideration for parents, who, by neglecting the physical education of their children, increase the chance of this terrible disease.* Adults, too, may profit by this lesson. Late hours, neglect of the practical duties, constant indulgence in high-wrought fictions, or other unnatural and sustained excitement, by increasing the relative influence of the nervous system, lays the foundation of a numerous train of disorders, of which consumption and insanity are among the foremost.

We would not be understood as opposing intellectual cultivation. On the contrary, nothing is further from our wish. But the improvement of the mind is not incompatible with the care of the body, and indeed the fancy is always brighter and the judgment more accurate in good health than in bad. Physical and intellectual education should go hand in hand; thus the body and mind would retain their relative positions; and the highest amount of temporal felicity be secured.

A MATCH FOR "HATES."—A good anecdote is told in the last True American of a man, named Bentley, a most confirmed drunkard, who would never drink with a friend, or in public, and always bitterly denied, when caught a little too steep, ever tasting liquor. One day some bad witnesses concealed themselves in his room, and when the liquor was running down his throat, seized him with his arm crooked and mouth open, and holding him fast, asked him, with an air of triumph—

"Ah, Bentley, we have caught you at last—you never drink, ha!"

Now, one would have supposed that Bentley would have acknowledged the corn. Not he!—with the most grave and inexpressible face, he calmly, and in a dignified manner, said—

"Gentlemen, my name is not Bentley!"

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Of the following persons who are referred to the paper. Isaac Shoemaker, formerly of Mount Joliet, Virginia.

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☞ Mr. Lewis Zinken is our Agent for Petersburg, Va., in place of Mr. A. A. Bensdon, resigned. mill 4t

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

A variety of topics is embraced in this week's paper. Among the news the damage done by the late freshets is a prominent item. We have been expecting that food for the fourth Sunday's issue in quantity of more which fell the past winter was unusually large, and we know that if a warm south rain came on, one of the most extensive floods ever within memory must ensue. The result has been as we anticipated.

Among the miscellaneous matter on the outside we would call attention to a series of essays on education. No. II., published this week, is devoted to physical education, and we repeatedly desire it may be read by parents anxious to serve the health of their children. The whole system is sure in our hands, and treats of education in its three departments—physical, moral, and intellectual. Hitherto the latter only has been thought to require care. Moral, as well as physical education has been too much neglected. The aim of many parents is to make prodigies of their children—to educate the intellect at the expense of the heart. So that a child can read at three years old, can smatter in algebra at six, and understand grammar at eight, little thought is wasted on the apparently useless enquiry whether his notions of right and wrong grow stronger, or the nobler emotions of the heart expand. Now this is all wrong. The heart is of as much importance as the mind. Such a child's intellect is sharpened, yet his moral sense neglected, ten to one he only makes the greater rascal.

This is a subject of importance, particularly to the mothers of the land; for to them, after all, we are indebted for most of what is pure and good in our nature. How are we to do justice to a mother's love? It is the wise obedience our infancy, who represses at our boyish friendship, but is closer to us in the service of evening manhood. She throws an unseen, but lady arm of protection around us. Let a man think of his mother when he is about to take a step action, and with long forgotten and holier feelings meeting his heart, he will draw back from the half committed deed. Can we ever forget a mother's tenderness? Often, in our mature manhood, when lying sick and alone among strangers, we thirst for the affectionate hand of a mother to smooth our feverest brow. And if ever prosperity deserts us and pennilessness (let) away from our sides, how we long to fly back to our mother's home, and receive our gentle there as when a child.

In forming the character a mother's influence is all powerful. Perhaps most of those who read this had the foundation of all that is good in them laid by a mother's watchfulness, and that before they were twelve years old. The greatest men who have ever lived have united in attributing their greatness to their mother. It was the mother of Washington that made him what he was. Napoleon once publicly declared that his mother was the instrument in fostering that love of glory and thirst for immortal fame which led him, even when a poor subaltern, to aspire to the empire of the world. Some of the most sainted men that ever lived have ascribed their holy lives to a mother's example and prayers. For good is it that mothers should our fate. Silently and imperceptibly, like the going on at nature's caverns front work, a mother's influence steals its manifold flows around the heart. We can scarcely tell in after life how she taught us so much of the good, and beautiful, and true, but we have memories of kneeling by her side, of hearing her read the Bible of beholding her tears when we angered her. In the mothers of the land we must look for the future greatness of her sons!

The spring is opening, we are glad to say full of promise. From the south we have the most favorable accounts of the aspect of the crops, though, as yet, it is impossible to foretell certainly the result. A short visit to the country in our own vicinity has given us cheering hopes of the agricultural success of this neighborhood. Everything is putting on a mantle of verdure and freshness The birds are green with wheat, the grass is springing lustily and in a short time, unless frost intervene, the peach trees will be in blossom. As a people, as well as private individuals, we have reason to be thankful for. Are we all properly grateful?

The great speech of Mr. Calhoun, in the senate, on the pecuniary existence of note in the possession of land. For an excellent abstract of it we refer to our Washington letter.

CHARITY TO OTHERS.

It is related of Lord Fitzlign, who lost his estates for joining the rebellion of 1745, that his amenity and kindness of heart were such as to make his fate regretted by both sides. He never heard ill opinion of a person he was acquainted with, but he pointed out all the mitigating circumstances of the case; and if stronger were condemned he spoke a good but gentle word in favor of the weakness of human nature. All persons faced him in consequence He was accustomed to declare that he knew it was just as easy to think well as to think ill of mankind and that he always discovered those who had formed a new estimate of human nature by the milder very kindly in disposition, not pure in heart.

There is much of truth in these opinions. It is almost a universal rule that man judges of his fellow creatures from his own heart, and that where this is mean, cunning or criminal, he estimates of others is lower and worse. Now no one is to human nature. He will not trust others, because he cannot trust himself. The kind man is one whose heart pervades him that all men are as we must be himself. But conscience condoles in others because it is not afraid of itself. Man, conscious of certain himself is little disposed to think evil of others. He may be suspicious, but he is never unjust. He believes not and last that he human nature are the seeds of good as well as of bad.

Many young persons starting in life fall or enthusiastic, and meeting with disappointment, are apt to become soured, and from hurrying all men to be blackguards, to the other extreme of believing every person bad. When once they israel and praised, they learn to hate and sneer. We have known more than one noble soul thus rendered worse than perverted. But such persons, as age and experience come to them, usually recover their steps and feelings, learn to think better and more justly of mankind. *It is astonishing to find how different the conduct of others appears to us, when we love and when we dislike. Acts, which we might excuse and even admire in the one case, we condemn and sneer in the other. A person of warm heart and charitable feelings sees twice as much good in the world as is therefore twice as happy, as the one of cynical demeanor and cold affections, who never thinks anything right if he can help it, but on the contrary, is ever in the look out for wrong.*

It is well said that he who lives among knaves will come at last to feel like a knave himself, and certainly the man who regards his fellow creatures as rogues and cheats, running through life and becoming a scoundrel than he who looks on humanity with a more genial eye. Besides, even where wrong has been committed, it is always the duty of a Christian to extend, if not to excuse. The one must be offender's heart, and thus discover all the mitigating circumstances of the case. How do we know that we, had we been under the same amount of temptation, we might have been just as bad? We cannot tell the future. We may have every other virtue, yet without charity, we are as nothing!

FARMING, A SCIENCE.

It is scarcely necessary to urge upon our agricultural readers the propriety of pursuing farming as a science. But there are many less informed, who still view with prejudice the application of what is called theory to practice, and to persons who cannot be persuaded that the man who brings chemistry to his aid, will succeed in raising better and cheaper crops than he who follows the old method. Happily this class is not now extensive, and is annually decreasing. Men now begin to see that farming is one of the fine art as in mechanics, and that the raising of wheat is governed by fixed laws just as much as the working of a steam engine by the laws of caloric. The researches of Liebig and others have settled this beyond controversy. For every bushel of wheat that is grown, a certain quantity of potash and other ingredients is absorbed from the earth, and transferred to the plant in progress of growth; and if the farmer would not have his land run out, he must in some year after year, without returning in another shape the articles extracted. his land grows poor and unproductive. This has been the case with many portions of Virginia. Too might as well attempt to live without food, as raise crops without manure. Every crop requires certain, and very different, manure, on the side of ignorance, unknowingly admit the truth of this when they use lime, or ashes their ground to be fallow, because while are beneficial only because, by these means, the substances taken up from the soil by the crops, are returned to it again.

Many farmers are opposed to scientific agriculture because they have been now promising to book farmers signally fail. But in all such cases the unsuccessful men will be found to have been ignorant men. It is not a wise reason for a man to become a thorough farmer than a complete lawyer, doctor, or merchant, without some practice, as well as course in both professions. It often happens that a retired citizen buys a farm, reads a few agricultural books, and then sets down to the cultivation of the land he has never set, when in reality his neighbor, who has been all his life a farmer, yet has never gained to be fallow, possesses which are beneficial only because, by these means, the substances taken up from the soil by the crops, are returned to it again.

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Whenever scientific farming has had a fair trial, it is sure in the long run to be eminently successful. The whole art of farming lies in the application of manure; and science teaches whose these are to be applied, and how to prepare them at the least expense. Raising a crop may be reduced almost to the rule of three. With a given soil, required to be a certain crop, what manure is to be employed and in what quantity? The answer to this settles the question. This answer science gives, and if no errors are made in the nature of the soil, the accuracy of the result is certain. Science has already done much in this direction. It has more inclined to some proposition like that submitted by Mr. Colquhoun. He said, in reference to the President's Message, there was room enough to resort to honorable compromise, of which he avowed himself to be a friend. He was willing to do all he could to meet the views of others, but the question was not a southern question in any respect. But if he had possessed a policy different in the one case from the other, he had been ready to adopt it, or to sing the greatest good of both. In both cases he desired to avoid war. Time would have lost Texas to us, while I would, that we have no hostilities. The whole speech was heard in breathless silence.

There are many rumors about here, one that a battle has been fought, and that Santa Anna is marching General Houston's new navigation of the Colombian territory years. This is the most probable report yet started.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

Little business has been done in the Pennsylvania Legislature since our last report. The Senate has, however, passed a bill allowing the Governor to appoint Commissioners to establish Agencies in Pennsylvania. It has also passed the Bill Granting the Right of Way through Pittsburgh to the Ohio and Pa. Rail-road—ayes 22, noes 8. It has confirmed the following nominations for Associate Judges in the Counties named:

Morris Longstreth, of Montgomery County, Benjamin Parke, of Potter, when Commissioner Chalfant of the British navy, the superior officer in harbor, came on board to offer his services. He was shown into the cabin of Cable, where Captain C. was reading received him.

"I have hastened on board," said Commander Chalfant, "to offer you my services, having heard you were sick, as well as many of your people, and that you had no surgeon with you. I am sorry I came not here, and he can tell you all about the diseases of India." He then inquired if this was the ship called Constitution. In the year 1815. Having been told that she was, in model, internal arrangements and battery, although rebuilt, he said he was very glad to meet her again, that she was an old acquaintance—that in the action of the frigate Java he had the honor to fight her after the fate of Captain Lambert, and notwithstanding he had known her in his colors to the frigate Constitution there were no two vessels more unlike each other than they. He dwelt on the gallantry of the British, and bravery and gallantry of the noble Bainbridge during and after the action. The Commander, who was unmanned in a masterly manner, and it made me regret that she was not British, but," said he, "it was Greek meet Greek, for we were the same blood, after all."

NOTICE OF MARRIAGE.

Some of our silly papers allude with surprise to a regulation in Boston requiring that public notice of contemplated marriages shall be given by publication in advance. Yet there is an old law of Pennsylvania, never repealed, which is of the same character, declaring that the parties proposing to be married shall affix a notice, stating their intentions, at the court house door, for a time. The object of a moral of a similar design is in force, requiring the banns of marriage to be read out in the pulpit three successive weeks in advance. The object of all these laws is to prevent clandestine marriages—the legality of which converts have to go to Scotland to be legally united. In Massachusetts, also, those with whom "the course of true love never does run smooth" are compelled to fly to another State. An instance of this kind we narrated a few weeks back in the case of a young lady from Plymouth county. The old law of Pennsylvania above alluded to, though never repealed by the Legislature, may perhaps be regarded as obsolete. Even Massachusetts has found it necessary to dispense with compulsive bliss for runaway lovers, when contrasted with some of the German States, where a man cannot be legally married until he has resided, for a certain time, with a certificate that he was baptized, that he has committed no felony, that he has paid his debts, and that he is not engaged to a wife.

HORSE RACING.

A bill to prohibit horse racing has passed the New Jersey Legislature by just the constitutional number of votes—not one to spare. Racing for money, or for a stake, or for any other consideration is declared to be an offence, and all persons concerned, directly or indirectly, giving notice of it, amongst the sentence for the first offence is made punishable by $1,000 fine, or imprisonment not exceeding one year The bill has passed both Houses of the Legislature, and only wants the signature of the Governor to become a law—indeed, a recommendation should be obtained in the House.

FANNY FORESTER.

"Dear, delightful Fanny Forester," as Willis calls her, is to be married to Mr. Nathaniel Parker Willis, as the Rev. Mr. Judson, who has been for more than thirty years a missionary in Burmah. His first wife was the talented Sarah Hall Boardman, whose wife died lately at St. Helena on her way back to America. Mr. J. is in return to Burmah immediately after his marriage.

POISONED HIMSELF.

Dr. Ambrose Baker, of Macon, Georgia, died, a short time since under peculiar circumstances. Desiring to administer prussic acid to a consumptive patient, perhaps to overcome some repugnance to its use," the Doctor himself took a potion which, from some mistake in its preparation, proved too strong and resulted in his death in a few hours.

Letter From Washington

The charge in the Times pronounced libellous.—How the Bank Party Intend to Carry Their "Tariff"—Great speech of Mr. Calhoun—Rumor of a Settlement of 40.

Washington, March 17th, 1835.

The Senate, as usual, was not in session either on Friday or Saturday, and the Committee of Investigation appointed to examine into the truth of the charges made by the "Times" last week, of which I spoke in my letter, have not been called at work. Yesterday the Committee made their report. They stated that the editor of the "Times" had, indeed, no evidence to prove his charge of a compromise having been agreed on at Mr. Fakenham's, and accordingly they charge the article in question as libellous, utterly untrue, despicable, false and mean. Senators of all parties, on hearing this report, expressed their indignation at the public outrage of the article in question.

The Harbor and River Bill has occupied the attention of the House during the past week. According to a vote adopted some days since, the discussion is to close to day.

The Tariff Bill has not yet been reported to the House, though we are looking for it daily. The manufacturers here are dissatisfied with Mr. Wallace's proposed tariff, and say that it is too low, that the Tariff of 1832, will not be materially altered. The Western members differ so widely from the South on the subject, that they and the Democratic members from that section, uniting with those from Pennsylvania, will probably control the matter.

The great event of the week has been Mr. Calhoun's speech on Friday. Every thing that Mr. Calhoun was the curiosity to hear him, that quite four hours before the Senate opened, that chamber was crowded to suffocation, and many of the most intimate of Virginia. Too might as well attempt to live without food, as raise crops without manure. Every crop requires certain, and very different, manure, on the side of ignorance, unknowingly admit the truth of this when they use lime, or suffer their ground to be fallow, because while are beneficial only because, by these means, the substances taken up from the soil by the crops, are returned to it again.

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United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$1 paid in advance.
Agents will please act as such, and write with their names as legible.
Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.
Prepaid Letters will be duly at the end of the current half Quarter, and then only on the system of the Post Office Department, and from the date they are received.
Remittances may be made in Bank notes current in payment for our bills.
All communications solicited to make quick remittances, and notice when it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give name and State of residence.
Renewals must always state the Post Office removed from as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana Michigan, Illinois, Kentucky, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by Mr. C. Beach, G. H. Comstock, T. Giordano Smith, T. T. Dow and E. T. Attwood.
JOHN NIMMO, Esquire, is our Agent for Canada.
JAMES H. STEPHENSON and JOHN P. CHEESMAN are Agents in Cincinnati.
Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Georgia.
Mr. T. G. Keeling acted as our Agent for the Southern and South-Western States, but has resigned. Mr. T. G. Keeling, G. H. P. Sims, William H. Weld, John B. Weld, B. B. Thatcher, and Mr. Hamilton, are Agents for Tennessee, and John Cullen.
THOMAS SIDEBOTHAM is our Agent for Liverpool.
WILLIAM A. PISNICK collects for us in Texas.
JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO DISTANT PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of subscription money to publishers, we, under the operation of the new Post Office law, think proper to give the following principles of the system by which moneys may be paid:

The Post Master when the money (not exceeding one dollar) is enclosed in the presence of the owner, and the amount deposited, and the name of the subscriber, and the paper he subscribes for, and presents it to the Post Master where the money is paid.

The Post Master with whom the money is deposited, is also to request a subscriber paid for, with the name of the parties paying the same, and the newspaper or magazine for the payment of which it was paid, to the Post Master through whom the same is to be paid to the Publisher.

The Post Master is not to charge anything to the Publisher, but to frank such letter, but he may frank the letter of the subscriber, and pay the postage out of money, to the Post Master at the place where the same is payable.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

Post Office, ——, September 15, 1845.
Received from John Haley, two dollars for subscription to the Western Literary Journal, Post Town, which I have delivered over per mail and charged myself with the same as Post Master, and to be accounted for by Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will use the same as to Editors, as the Government shall hereafter properly endorse.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

Post Office, Mullica, Pa., September 15, 1845.
To the Post Master at Philadelphia:
Sir—I have this day received from John Haley, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, which I have charged myself with in my account with Government, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.
(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the provisions of the Post Office regulation, can remit in small, notes of solvent banks in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

Notices of New Works.

The Ladies National Magazine, for April, is excellent—and was beautiful engravings, one of which—a portrait of Sir David Wilkie's picture, "The Jew's Daughter"—is very fine, and would adorn the walls of any room. The fashion plate contains an unusual variety of styles. The literary contents are of the usually high order. The story of Mrs. Singleton is thrilling. The "Lines to a Lady Singing" are worthy of the Poet Longfellow, or an admirable tale of real life. Into the this, which contributors must have had experience, Mrs. Ellet has infused much interest. The Young Musician, master, and the Sentimental Lover, are continued by Mr. F. E. F., one of our best writers of domestic tales in a capital manner. "Lines to a Lady Sketched," by the author of Marion's Men, is a tale of the Revolution the readers of which will be sure to admire the romance. There, is, poetry, we have excellent poems by Miss Lawrence, and others. The April number of the magazine can be published for $4.00 a year in a monthly issue.

Modern Better Education. *The Writings of Lord Jeffrey. With a Portrait.* Vol. I. *Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* We are indebted to the publishers for the works of Lord Jeffrey, the celebrated critic of the Edinburgh Review, his life having been written by Lord Cockburn, and by the voice of this country. We have here, at last the long desired publication, from which we are to learn how the contributors to the Edinburgh Review were made what they were before. These were not isolated cases, but as those that were first noticed, they made people curious to know what manner of men they were. And the first part of the record by a little boy going away with two others watching over him.

The Lives of Eminent Literary and Scientific Men, at Rio Janeiro, where her former master Captain Graham, is now according to rumor, detained by the Brazilian Government.

The Washington Union contains an official announcement of the appointment of Major Tood, recently in the employment of the Texian Government, to whom the friends of humanity are indebted for his vigilance in recently capturing the negroes engaged in that detestable traffic. We trust that a searching examination will be made into both these instances, and it be found that those who are engaged in the slave trade under the flag of the Union will be punished with the full severity of the law, as an example to others. The act of May, 1820, declares that any citizen of the United States being at once or ship's company of any foreign vessel engaged in the slave trade or any person on board a vessel owned in whole or in part or navigated for, or in behalf of any citizen of the United States, "shall be, in a piracy, to be adjudged as such," and on conviction thereof before the Circuit Court of the United States, shall suffer death." We are ashamed for the credit of our country to record the following paragraph from the Union, which against our country men. He says in his letter:

I regret to say that most of this misery is produced by our own citizens. They furnish the means of conveyance in spite of existing enactments, and even in defiance of the entreaties and remonstrances against slavery, the late master of the "Pons, sailed next to induce me to abandon him, I declined to do so with him, yet I fear neither he nor his employers can be punished under present laws. He will no doubt make it appear that the "Pons" was bound for Rio Janeiro, and the slaves were brought on board. Yet, from the testimony of the men who came over with me, I have no doubt that it was the intention of the officer who arranged for her between Bercy and Guilla to take the slaves to Cuba. I have also no doubt that the first place they anchored was at their, near the river Lagoa, to receive their cargo, and proceed on board a number of hogsheads to pipe filled with water. This was done to conceal the real destination of the vessel, and a ton of casks containing spirits were placed on board, to be used in the event of the vessel being seized by a cruiser. I am informed that the vessel was going to Kabenda for a cargo of slaves.

Upon the arrival at the latter place, the spirits was kept on board until a few days before Bercy was ready to command, continuing on the slave-coast, in order to elude the suspicions of any cruiser. For this purpose the vessel was kept under the colors of Buenos Ayres, protected by the flag of his country, yet when the slaves were brought on board, I am certain of his intention, but the instant that cruiser was discovered to withdraw for a few hours, he would avail himself of the opportunity of enriching himself and owners, by engrossing the flag which had protected both.

As we are short-handed, I have shipped three men, who have been discharged from the crew of the merchant vessels, from their gratification, which was to consider that they were now free from the yoke of slavery, and that they were now on the soil of a country where the slave is free. I have landed the bodies of two men who died of coast fever a few days after he came on board this ship.

The Pons, under the command of James Bercy, has returned to Rio de Kabenda for more slaves, and before she took on board the slaves during which time she was chased by a British cruiser, but disappeared on the horizon, and, demanding her papers of the Portuguese captain, he replied, "I have thrown them overboard." The vessel being armed was his cargo, he said, "about nine hundred slaves." On further examination, it was found that the vessel had eighteen guns, and thirteen, between the ages of eight and thirty only forty were of them females, and left at the factory about one hundred more. Only forty-two were landed at Rio Janeiro, and the remainder, with the exception of those

Selected Poetry.

FOREST MELODIES.

I love the fair old forest,
That for centuries hath stood,
And viewed in lofty branches
Proudly in the solitude;
Mid its glades and its groves,
A stately grandeur dwells;
And Nature's hand there traces
All her bright and magic spells

Its shades are full of voices,
Some singing joyous ear;
From its tenderly whispered breathings,
To the storm's wild boisterous shout—
And oh then, so deeply thrilling,
From the dark resonate mass,
And swell through ether, swelling
The quick beatings of the heart.

When the gorgeous robe of spring time
Hath arrayed them in its green,
And the leaves are bright with dew-drops,
Glistening in the morning's sheen;
Then in full enchanting chorus
With a rapture we have been
For the songs are varied and o'er
Of such gladsome forest bird.

Or when the sere of Autumn
Hath fastened on the leaf,
And clad the Summer glories
With the fading garb of grief;
One tearful strain of sorrow
Will the sighing wind evoke,
Ere they fly upon the morrow
To some far and sunny clime.

We have heard the gentle zephyrs
Stealing through the waving boughs,
With a melody entrancing,
As the minden's whispered vows.
And the storm wind, as it rushes
In its wild and mad career,
The bravest brown bosom
To a solemn awe and fear.

E'en the frosty reign of Winter
Hath a cheering charm about it
As the ice of morning falleth
From the tall and stately tree
And the heart can feel no power
In the poet's sweetest lay,
Like the music of the silver rain
In some Summer's sultry day.

Oh! I love the leave old forest,
That for centuries hath stood,
And waved in lofty branches
Proudly in the solitude!
My home is in its bosom,
Where in quiet I've hath trod,
My companion the wild blossom,
And my trust in Nature's God.

Lawrenceville Journal.

Our Flower Vase.

LEGENDS ABOUT TREES.

"Gather ye roses while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying,
And the same flower that blooms to day
To morrow may be dying."—*Herrick.*

The *Myrtle* was an especial favorite among the ancients, by whom it was held sacred to Venus. The name is said to have been taken from that of Myrsine, an Athenian maiden, a favorite of Minerva, who, suffering here to overpower her wisdom, was changed into a myrtle by her offended mistress, and taken pity on by Venus. Others say that Venus, when she first sprang from the sea, had a wreath of myrtle round her head. The temples of this goddess were always surrounded by groves of myrtle, and in Greece she was adorned under the name of Myrtilla. Plays say that the Romans and Sabines, when they were reconciled, laid down their arms under a myrtle tree, and painted themselves with its berghs. Wreaths of myrtle were the symbols of authority worn by the Athenian magistrates; and a sprige of it were enwined with the laurel wreaths worn by those conquerors, during their triumphs, who had gained a victory without bloodshed.

The *Rose* has been a favorite subject with the poets in all countries and in all ages; and as mythological allusions it is equally fertile. It was dedicated by the Greeks to Aurora, as an emblem of youth, from its freshness and reviving fragrance; and to Cupid, as an emblem of fugacity and danger, from the fleeting nature of its charms, and the wounds inflicted by its thorns. It was given by Cupid to Harpocrates, the god of silence, as a bribe to prevent him from betraying the amours of Venus, hence it was adopted as symbolical of silence. The rose was, for this reason, frequently sculptured on the ceilings of drinking and banqueting rooms, as a warning to the guests, that what was said in moments of conviviality should not be repeated; from which arose the proverb to be under the rose, when it is to be told "under the rose." The Greek poets say that the rose was originally white, but that it was changed to red—according to some, from the blood of Venus, who lacerated her feet with its thorns when rushing to the aid of Adonis; and according to others, from the blood of Adonis himself. The fragrance of the rose is said by the poets to be derived from a cup of nectar thrown over it by Cupid; and the thorns to be the stings of the bees with which the air of his boy was strung. Another fable relating to the birth of the rose is, that Flora, having found the dead body of one of her favorite nymphs, whose beauty could only be equalled by her virtue, implored the assistance of all the gods and goddesses to aid her in changing it into a flower, which all others should acknowledge to be their queen. Apollo lent her terrifying power of his beams; Bacchus bathed it in nectar. Vertumnus gave its purple. Pomona its fruit, and Flora herself its diadem of flowers. A similar origin represents, in antique gems, an expiring nymphead by roses; and the rose is supposed to be an emblem of a man married by lottery—the bottle being said to have such an antipathy to roses, that the smell of them will cause its flesh.

Among the Romans, the rose was an especial favorite. They garnished their dishes with it; wore garlands of it at their feasts; strewed their banqueting apartments with its leaves, and their ladies used rose-water as a perfume. Throughout the East it was still more extensively celebrated, the poetical allusions and legends relating to the rose being numerous enough to fill an ordinary volume. That which represents the nightingale as singing for the rose is perhaps the prettiest, and has given rise to some of the most exquisite verses both in ancient and in Persian language. The origin of the fable is thus told in the *Language of Flowers*: "In a curious chapter for the curious upon Arabic poetry, the *Bedjal Nomeh*—the Book of the Nightingale—all the lore appears before falconum, and change the nightingale into fluttering flower and boy. The lovers are passionate strains which he warbles forth all the night in a sort of plaintive and intoxication. The nightingale is summoned, and acquitted, by the wise king because the bard assures him that his requiem love for the rose circles, up to distraction, and causes him to break forth into those passionate and touching complaints which are laid to his charge. The Persians also assert, that the nightingale in spring flutters round the rose-bushes uttering incessant complaints, till, overpowered by the strong scent, he drops stupified on the ground."

The Catholic Church has also added considerably to the legendary history of the rose. A golden rose was considered so honorable a present, that formerly but crowned heads were thought worthy either to give or to receive it. Hence of this kind were sometimes consecrated by the popes on Good Friday, and given to such potentates as it was their particular interest or wish to flatter with the gift. The flower itself being an emblem of the mortality of the body, and the gold of which it was composed of the immortality of the soul. The custom of blessing the rose is still preserved in Rome and the day on which the ceremony is performed is called *Dominica in Rosa*. The rose was always more used as a mystical emblem of the Catholic Church, and enters into the composition of most of its sacred ornaments. As a symbol of beauty and innocence, it was customary, in some countries, to award a crown of roses to the girl who should be acknowledged by all her competitors to be the most amiable, modest, and dutiful in their native village—a custom which, till lately, was annually performed in some districts of France. In the middle ages, the knights of a tournament were usually embroidered on their sleeves, as an emblem that gentleness should accompany courage, and that beauty was the reward of valor. About the same time the rose was considered so precious in France, that in several parts of the country none but the rich and powerful were allowed to cultivate it; but, in later times, we find it mentioned among the rights of manors, that their owners were empowered to levy a tax, or tribute, on their tenants of so many bushels of roses, which were used not only for making rose-water, but for covering the tables instead of napkins. The French Parliament had *formerly a day of ceremony*, called *Bailler de Roses*, because great quantities of roses were then yet, united.

Shakspeare, who no doubt followed some old legend or chronicle, derives the assumption of the red and white roses by the rival houses of York and Lancaster, from a quarrel in the Temple gardens between Richard Plantagenet, duke of York, and the earl of Somerset, the partisan of Lancaster. Finding that their voices were getting too loud, Plantagenet proposes that they shall

"In dumb significance proclaim their thoughts:"

adding,

"Let him who is a true born gentleman,
And stands upon the honor of his birth,
If he suppose I have pleaded truly,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me."

To which Somerset replies,

"Let him who is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me."

Their respective followers gathered the different colored roses; hence tradition says these flowers were adopted as the badges of the houses of York and Lancaster during the civil wars which afterwards inculated the country for more than thirty years. The York and Lancaster rose, which, when it comes true, has one half of the leaves red and the other white, was instituted in commemoration of the union of the two houses by the marriage of Henry VII. of Lancaster with Elizabeth of York.

The Rosemary is mentioned as emblematic of that constancy and devotion to the fair sex which was one of the characteristics of the days of chivalry. Garlands and chaplets were formed of myrtle, laurel, and rosemary, and put on the heads of the principal persons at a feast. It was formerly held in high estimation as a comforter of the brain and a strengthener to the memory; and on the latter account is considered as the emblem of faithful lovers. Formerly it was worn at weddings, and also at funerals, and is still given now for that purpose in many parts of the continent. Many ailments have been made to both customs by the poets, and also to its being a symbol of remembrance; thus Shakspeare makes Ophelia say, "There's rosemary for you: that's for remembrance."

The *Bay*, like the rosemary, being an evergreen, and retaining its appearance and taste during the whole year, is considered an emblem of remembrance and glory. It was anciently sacred to Apollo, and hence its name, which is to this day called *bay-garce* in France; in allusion, doubtless, to the Mexic, *Gracz Flora*. Warburton says that the Greek name, 'a-herb of grace,' from its being used in exercises. Among the ancients, it was also used in several superstitious practices: "You are not yet at the punkey, nor even at the cue," was a common saying with the Greeks to those persons who, having projected an enterprise, had not begun to put it into execution. In ancient times gardens were edged with borders of parsley and rue, and these persons who had not passed these borders, were not accounted to have entered a garden; hence says Reid in his "Historical Botany," the proverb originated.

The *Laurel*, or sweet bay, was considered by the ancients as the emblem of victory, and also of eloquency. The Roman generals were crowned with it in their triumphal processions; every common soldier carried a sprig of it in his hand; and even the dispatches announcing a victory were wrapped up in, and consecrated with, leaves of bay. The aromatic odor of these trees was supposed by the ancients to have the power of dispelling contagion, and, during a pestilence, the Emperor Claudius removed his court to Lanuvium as celebrated for its laurels. Theophrastus tells us that superstitious Greeks would keep a bay leaf in their mouths all day, to preserve them from misfortune. In Italy there was supposed to be a charm against lightning; and Madame de Genlis mentions the device of the Count de Dunois, which was a bay tree, with the motto, "I defend the earth that bears me." It was the custom in the middle ages to place wreaths of laurel with the berries on round the heads of dead poets; and this was particularly distinguished themselves, lower our expression, poetasters. "Students," says Mr. Phillips in his *Sylva Florifera*, "who have taken degrees at the universities are called bachelors, from the French *bachelier*, which if derived from the latin *baccalaureus*, a laurel berry. These students were not allowed to marry, lest their duties of husband and father should take them from their literary pursuits, and in time all single sons were called bachelors.

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Salmagundi.

THE GOLDEN ORANGES.

[A story has been going the rounds of the newspapers respecting the "Fake of Ava in the Market House"—point before, he is to steal, also! The following anecdote of Signor Blitz is so good:]

In the course of his travels Signor Blitz was standing one day in front of a Hotel, watching the movements of a clumsy fisherman who was endeavoring some horses to a coach. The idea occurred to him to have a little sport. The fisherman had brought out a fresh horse, and was about to put on his harness, when, the latter supposed dumb beast, darfaced he would not start on the journey until he had had his oats.

Pat started back, the most prominent expression of his visage being astonishment, and looking the horse full in the face, enquired, "An' do you pretind to say ye haven't had yer oats, too?"

"Not a single oat," readily replied the horse.

The Irishman held up his hands in astonishment.

"Yer a bloody liar, so ye ye are, for Jammy Dougherty and he's the boy to know!" &c.

Still the horse flatly denied his having the oats, and Pat greatly incensed, rushed into the stable, and returned with Jammy Dougherty, another Paddy lower had no oats this morning."

"Shure he's had his perk, Daddy."

"Ye're a liar, Jammy, and ye knowin he hasn't had the bloody one, at all, at all."

This peculiar remark at the eye told how much Signor Blitz enjoyed the joke.

At another time Blitz bought an orange of a son of Erin, and on cutting it in halves, a scorpion dropped upon the floor.

"I declare this is a very nice orange," said Signor, performing the gold. "What will you take for the lot?"

"Och! Shure I'll not part with the like o' them!" said Shure I'll not part with the like o' them!" said Shure I'll not part with the like o' them!"

By this time Signor had quartered the orange, and hit a scrawnpen tickled each stroke of the knife. "This is remarkable fine fruit, indeed." I will give you a threepence a piece, and take all you have."

The youth's eyes followed the scorpenges as they disappeared in the pocket. "An' do ye take me for a fool to sell the like o' these for a threepence?" he exclaimed. "The devil of a mother's son of them ye'll get, soo!"

"They may not all prove like this one," said Signor, and at the same time stooping for another orange. But the youth was too quick for him. Like the paternal ass who stood on a lion, ever mindful of her tender breed, he scented his treasure with his nose, took the motto, "I defend the earth that bears me." It was the custom in the middle ages to place wreaths of laurel with the berries on round the heads of dead poets; and this was particularly distinguished themselves, lower our expression, poetasters. "Students," says Mr. Phillips in his *Sylva Florifera*, "who have taken degrees at the universities are called bachelors, from the French *bachelier*, which if derived from the latin *baccalaureus*, a laurel berry. These students were not allowed to marry, lest their duties of husband and father should take them from their literary pursuits, and in time all single sons were called bachelors.

SHILE IN PUNKEY.—The following dialogue, which is said to have actually taken place in a neighboring town shows that the negro will, in any case, are not destitute of financial talents, which would reflect credit on many active, managing, trading overtaking men:

A sable descendant of Adam, by the name of Mungo, having been at work at a distance, was met by his master, returning home on a log-cart. Mungo, riding old horse, without saddle or bridle, when the following dialogue ensued:

Master. Well, Mungo, how came you by that horse?

Mungo. Oh, Massa I buy him, and gib ten dollar.

Master. But where did you get the money to pay for him?

Mungo. Oh, Massa, me trade, me gib em right down note of hand for ten months.

Master. But, Mungo, when your three months are out what then?

Mungo. Den, Massa—den I take up dat note and gib him another!

A PITIFUL RULE.—It is said that a subject of the King of Prussia, a tailor and tobacconist, being about to emigrate, was arrested and brought before the magistrate.

"Well, my good friend," said the King, "how can we persuade you to remain in Prussia?"

"Your gracious sire, only by making Prussia what America is."

He was allowed to emigrate.

MARCH.

BY REVANT.

The stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies,
I hear the rushing blast,
That through the canary valley flies.

Ah! piercing few are they whose notes
Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee;
Yet, though the winds are loud and loud,
They are a welcome sight to me.

For then to Northern lands again
The glad and cheerful birds of song,
And then have joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring

And, on the sregs of blue and cloud,
Smiles many a long, bright, stormy day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And Heaven grows on the Earth in love.

Then sang aloud the gurling rills,
And the full streams wear out free,
That, brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's deepening beauty hides
Of watery streams the sullen threw;
But in thy sternest blasts abides
A look of kindly promise yet

Then bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of suns and showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

Useful Knowledge.

EARLY STEAMBOAT STATISTICS.

It is remarkable how little is known, or at least recollected, of the character of the first steamboat passengers.

The first steamboat in operation in America, or indeed any where else, was in 1783, when Jonas Wood built a boat on the Delaware, 60 feet long, and a boat about fifty feet long, propelled by the reaction of a stream of water drawn in at the bow and forced out at the stern, by means of a pump worked by a steam engine. The boat moved at the rate of three or four miles an hour when loaded with three tons of passengers. The weight of the engine was a third of a ton. The boiler held five gallons, and consumed a bushel of coal per hour. It was also required for four barrels of flour, and the remained from four to six bushels of coal per day.

In 1787, *John Fitch* put a boat in motion on the Delaware, which performed at the rate of three miles per hour. His next effort was to construct a passenger boat without boiler or steam. The *Perseverance*, in which he went, October 12th, 1788, from Philadelphia to Burlington, on the Delaware River, twenty miles, in three hours. This boat he remarked, thirty-five hours, at the rate of five miles per hour. Such is the difference between progress at the east and in the west, that as late as August, 1840, the Albany Argus, in speaking of the steamboat expedition of travelling, remarked, "That steamboats leave Albany for New York every Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, at 9 A. M. and New York the same days at 3 P. M. The fare is only seven dollars, and the trip is made in twenty four hours!"

The trip has been made of late years in ten hours, and at but one dollar passage money expense; and there is hardly an hour in the day at which a boat may not be taken from New York to Albany.

The first steamboat on the western waters—the Orleans, of those hundred tons—was built at Pittsburg, in 1811, and the first steamboat of three hundred and ninety tons, in 1813. The first steamboat started at New Orleans from Louisville, was on the 20th of May, 1815, of the Enterprise. A steamboat constructed by Fulton, commenced running to Providence from the city of New York, in 1815. The following notice appeared in Niles's Weekly Register, of the 30th of September, 1815: "A project is on foot at New York, to built a steamer of three hundred and fifty tons, to run at stated times between New York and Charleston, South Carolina, in which it is estimated the passage will be made in 3 days. Here is an enterprise entitled to the fullest confidence, decidedly believe that the voyage will be made with at least as much safety as in other vessels."

The steamboat Enterprise arrived at Charleston, 23d of July, 1816, from Savannah, and excited a great deal of curiosity—it being the first steamboat ever seen in Charleston. Great as was the surprise at the edition of steam, how much greater than that ten years hence such a boat would be no novelty anywhere in the United States, where there was not a steamboat to be seen.

In 1817, the persons engaged in fishing on the Potomac, petitioned the Virginia Legislature, that the steamboats might be examined from time to time during the month of April—as no boiler could be heir! Such was the fear and the ignorance of the air and water frightened all the fish from the river.

The steamship Savannah sailed from Savannah in 1819, and the Savannah, the first steamer after a passage of twenty-six days, being the first steamer that ever crossed the Atlantic.

Ladies' Boudoir.

RULES FOR THE LADIES.

PROMENADING.—Every lady should study to carry herself gracefully and practise walking in her chamber, that she may obtain a graceful gait for the street. Let her not imitate women, but while they are the most beautiful in the world, their carriage is worse than that of any other nation.

A lady in walking in America moves not as walking, to keep the step with you, and do not walk with either gentleman or lady who has not learnt the step.

Two persons of dissimilar gaits, walking side by side, look particularly awkward.

An unmarried lady should not take the arm of an unmarried gentleman (unless at night, or when the pavement is crowded,) of she should not take arm. it is to be presumed she is engaged to him.

A married lady may take the arm of her husband or friends, or other as she may be assisted not walk arm in arm unless one of them is much older than the other.

A lady should never take the arms of two gentlemen at the same time. In the evening two ladies may take the arms of one gentleman.

Never walk in the middle of the street, in days always on the inside.

A gentleman may make between two ladies, but it looks better to see him walking on the outside of the street.

Never stop more than an instant in the street to converse with a friend, it is not polite to make those who are passing walk out of their way.

"Kissing is woman, not their heartless looks,
Woo' not their love."

When we see a female standing for hours before the looking glass, preparing her appearance in the ball room, that she may dance away the midnight hours with characters she would scorn to speak to in the day time, we see nothing beautiful in her. But when we see women around the couch of pain, bathing the feverish brow and alleviate the sufferings of the sick, we see the angel of mercy, and the hosts of Heaven look upon her course with smiling approbation.

Our Scrap Book.

MATRIMONY.

Many persons are extremely unhappy in the married state, because they were forced into connexion against their own choice, or commenced their acquaintance with sordid motives, and not from the influence of a rational and reciprocal esteem and affection. Others are unhappy, because they matched themselves with unsuitable companions, in a peevish, heedless, or clandestine manner, and without due regard to the principal alliances are sometimes changed into sources of the bitterest sorrow, by inconstancy and cruel neglect on one or both sides. Hence arise quarrels, separations, and sometimes even honest and good people are led into the commission of crimes, which terminate in the extreme by indulging cross tempers, or by an obstinate, unchangeable adherence to different modes of religion. Many sour out the happiness their union might otherwise afford, by wishing to exercise unreasonable authority in which respect, we persuade, the husband is more frequently guilty; may likewise add, the want of an open and unreserved confidence in every thing that concerns their mutual interests, aggravated by an absence of true religion, whose salutary influence, if duly felt, would check every irregular affection and pervade the dearments of life. To these causes, the greatest number of unhappy matches may be ascribed which instead of resulting from the reasonable arrangements of Nature and Providence, originate in the perturbations of mankind themselves, and ought rightly to be considered as produced by mutual candor, prudence, and self-government.

BEGIN RIGHT.

Are you just stepping on the threshold of life? become a good moral character. This is the basis of success and true greatness. Without virtue you cannot be respected, without respect you can never rise to distinction and honor. You are poor, perhaps. No matter. Poverty is oftener a blessing than a curse. Look at the young man who is held to half a million. What is he standing? Of what use is he to the world? You must make yourself. The noblest man that ever was, was born of poor parents and raised by hard work the first dollar he ever earned. The wealthiest man in Massachusetts, Amos Lawrence, began life as a poor country boy. Maine, of parents who were in humble circumstances. Their early struggles were many and severe, commonly rich. The wealthiest man of New York and the richest man in America, was also a poor boy. He had to wait in open harbor for a young man. Start right and you will succeed. But remember wealth is not everything or ought not to be your chief good. A virtuous character is better than riches. Expect not success where firm integrity is wanted. Shape your course by true principles, and let current principles govern you not in. In this way only you will gain the confidence and respect you desire, and lead into the branch of the agricultural channel, and passes how secondly, to the fact that every farmer to note in these great objects which all good farmers have in view—the improvement of the intellect of those who are to succeed them in the care of the farm, the preservation of the soil itself, as the latter has its strongest guaranty whenever the tenants is most intelligently promoted.

In Pennsylvania the opinion is obtaining strength, that lime is most beneficially applied to the surface of grass lands a year or two before being broken up—that, when thus applied, its good effects are more lasting on the first crop—and in the fact we entrench ourselves in the haughtiness of the opinion we have before advanced, as it is evident to our mind, from the manner in which lime is applied to the surface of such grass lands, its agency in preparing the food of plant commences, and by going on continuously until the following taken place, the Lime in the interim has accumulated a sufficient stock of nutriment and potash to push forward and sustain the first crop, and as its action is kept up, such succeeding one derives its peculiar aliment, and by the exhaustion of the supply of lime, a renewed dose of that mineral becomes necessary!

From the facts and reasoning in the case we draw this conclusion—that whenever lime may be applied to your lands in which there may not be much vegetable remains, and those of an immediate character, that the better policy would be to previously turn in a green crop of some kind, in order that the lime may have a body to act upon which is readily decomposed, and which can therefore be promptly converted into aliment for the first crop.

Where lime may be applied as a top-dressing upon old fields intended for culture or for pasture, or upon those lands, in either case, of a gravelly, shelly, loamy of the lime, now either a bushel of plaster, or twenty of charcoal, per acre, with a view of husbanding the volatile gases for the purpose of agriculture, as however skew the action of the lime might be upon the decaying vegetable matter, it would be applied to the crop, when would be generated, stimulated, and otherwise lost.

Early Potatoes.—In years gone by, St. Patrick's Day, the 17th of this month, was the usual time at which early potatoes were put in the ground; but as the seasons have, like men, undergone a vast change for the worse, the period has necessarily to be too early, yet, although it may be too soon for planting, it is not for preparing the ground, therefore, the sooner that the latter is gone the better, as no additional ploughing to all root crops operates so advantageously. In selecting seed for early potatoes but sound roots should be taken. The sets should be cut at a least a week before being planted, and as cut should be dried in the sunshine in the soaking and drying in lime, we would recommend, when the potatoes first come up, that a mixture of one part of lime and two of ashes be sprinkled over each row, as that, should the ground be indented with the watchman described, they may also receive their portion of the mixture, and in such a case, we can see no reason why the seeding and drying in lime should not prove equally efficacious in preventing the recurrence of the disease, as it is in relieving the wheat crop from the smut.

On barley.—Let the trees in the Orchard be carefully examined and pruned. Where the trees are carefully cut off into the sound wood, the wound smoothly faced with a drawing knife—this done lay a plaster of the following mixture be applied over the wound—Take equal parts of fresh cow dung, clay and cinders, lime to be slacked through the consistence of mortar: face the plaster with a covering of thick paper to turn rain. The deal limbs being cut off, the wound cleaned, take a hard brush,—the clamp of a scrubbing brush will do,—and rub down the entire body of the tree, then with a pint or white wash, to apply the lather of the lime to the body of each tree as far as you can reach, extending down to the roots. Mix together five gallons of soft soap, one pound of sal plant, and a gallon of salt. When perfectly incorporated together it will be fit to be applied.

If the Orchard has not been recently manured and in culture a gentle dressing of compost made of five parts rotten manure, two parts loam, and one part lime, would greatly improve the quality of the fruit, by being ploughed in shallow—or if it should not need manure, the following mixture will answer; but whether the plough or harrow be used, care must be taken not to injure the roots of the trees.—*American Farmer.*

BITING HORSES.

I never knew an instance of a biting horse being cured of the vice, and for this reason we have never let upon our premises one of that kind—and we think would make him, like the boy striking the anvil, hard to work. We have had any mode of making him do so, he would be cured at once. A somewhat curious mode of doing this appears in the Farmer's Gazette by giving credit to a horse at least one leg of mutton to seize. Absurd as this appears, it is really not so much so as many things we have seen recorded in the Farmer's Gazette. A thermometer inserted two inches below the surface of the water exhibits a temperature of forty degrees, only eight degrees above the freezing point.

E☞ A poem, couplet, running away to get married with her lover, hotly pursued by her father in a chaise and pair, and on his gaining on the fugitives, one of the grooms a female jumped out of the sleigh and bound his father with all his might, and then, as he could not proceed in the enterprise, the latter gave up all further pursuit of the unlikely couple.

E☞ Several dark spots are now visible on the face of the sun. The area of one of them is greater than that of the American continent. Some of them may be seen distinctly through the smallest telescope, but the eye should be protected by smoked glass while observing them by means of colored or other glass.

Juvenile Department

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 31 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, is a river in Virginia.
My 6, 7, 11, 9, is a County in Pennsylvania.
My 7, 8, 9, 10, is a River in Virginia.
My 4, 6, 5, 3, is a Lake in Scotland.
My 12, 13, 14, 15, is a Island in the Pacific.
My 2, 3, 4, 5, 15, 11, is a town in France.
My 7, 8, 16, 17, 11, is a County in Virginia
My 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, is a County in Ohio.
My 23, 24, 25, is a County in New York
My 18, 14, 7, 5, 9, 3, is a County in South Carolina
My 11, 10, 7, 3, is a River in Prussia.
My 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, is a River in Asia.
My 13, 14, 15, 16, 12, 9, 3, is a Town in Prussia.
My 13, 14, 15, 7, 3, is a River in Africa.
My 15, 9, 3, 9, 12, is a Town in Turkey.
My 16, 6, 13, 15, is a Tribe of Indians in Iowa.
My whole is the name of a distinguished American General. J. E. S.

E☞ Answer next week.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, is the name of a Pound
My 10, 9, 15, 4, 7, 8, is a county in Illinois.
My 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, is a County in Texas.
My 17, 6, 16, 7, is a county in Tennessee
My 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, is a County in Kentucky
My 15, 17, 10, 12, 16, 11, 8, is a town in France.
My 7, 9, 7, 10, is a county in Florida.
My 16, 17, 10, 11, 8, is a county in Ohio.
My 13, 16, 14, 10, 16, is a county in North Carolina.
My 15, 16, 17, 10, 11, 8, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 10, 17, 15, 12, is a county in New York.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, is a Lake in Europe.
My 1, 2, 17, 3, 4, 9, is a small stream in United States.
My whole is the name of the author of this Enigma.
E. F. ANDREWS.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.
BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.
Jackson—Packenham—Coffee—Ross—Telise—Talbot—Lambert—Elle—Rose—Keane—Gibbs—Tolme—Nebson—Lowell—Talbot.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.
THOMAS MACDONOUGH'S VICTORY ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.
Saltstones—Tete—Philadelphia—Du Pains—Dwarf—Sea—Sergeant—Sea—Turtle—Turtle—Mackerel—Rose—Fernandina—Smoke—Connecticut—Franklin—Clinton.

E. B. D.

Curious Matters.

REMARKABLE PREVISION OF UNFULFILLMENT.—The Worcester Massachusetts Spy, in noticing the nuptials, on his marriage with Mademoiselle Bobaste, the actress, proceeds with her into Lorraine, to visit the relatives whom they had previously seen the Seaside, having threshed proper to favor them with a magnificent exposition to beat the natural curiosity of the people, directed, on the occasion of the day, the bank of the river, to be planted with the flower of the lily, as the emblem of the empire, and among the escutcheon. When he appeared in the theatre, he was received with applause, and on the part of the player, to the dismay of the company. The strange voices were heard to issue from some of whose engaged for the first time in his role, on his account, a talent he had so often exercised for the amusement of others.

ANCIENT MILK.—Dr. Walcott, better known as Peter Pindar, has left behind him a most touching ough, when his friend, Dr. Gosgen, persisted in recommending asses' milk as a certain cure. The had, tired of his importunities at length quieted him by sending the following epigram:—

"And, Doctor, do you really think
That asses' milk I ought to drink?
'Twould quite remove my cough, they say,
And thrive my old complaints away.
It need pursued, I grant it true,
But then, 'twas master's milk to you."

E☞ A recent discovery in the art of tanning leather has been made by Dr. Turnbull, of London, which is said in a French paper "to eclipse everything that has been discovered on the present side for these hundred years." The process is described in a communication in the Academy of Sciences. When a muriatene intervenes between two liquids of different densities, they produce two currents, the one ascending and the other descending, and the ascending called endosmosis. By this new physical law the currents interchange until they become of the same density; then the gravity, then Dr. Turnbull, by securing up a hide filled with one liquid at a certain specific gravity, and then immersing the hide in another liquid of greater or lower density, keeps up this reciprocal action until such time as the hide is thoroughly tanned. By the ordinary process of tanning it requires eighteen months to tan an ox hide, and four hundred pounds of bark. Dr. Turnbull tans the hide in fourteen days, and with only one hundred pounds of bark. This process gives an extra weight of leather, varying from fifteen to twenty-five pound per cent. Calves' skins, which under the old process were not worth preserving, are cut of size, sat, and seven months, are by the new process tanned in two days. This rapidity of execution is by no means attended with inferiority in the leather produced. On the contrary, it is said to be superior to that made by the ordinary process, and more bottom leather, being as fully affected by the new as the old process.

E☞ A curious phenomenon is mentioned by the Rev. I. S. Davis of Concord, N. H. He says: "As I was returning from Piermont on Monday, the first of December, I saw on the snow, which had fallen during the night, what I judged to be oats, spread broad cast, but not seeing any track in the snow, but I was the first that travelled the road after the snow fell, my curiosity led me to get down from my carriage and examine: when to my great surprise, I found that the objects I saw were in addition of an inch long, lying on the top of the snow in bunches, and these were scattered along the road I travelled for a distance of more than five miles. I would say further, that there were no trees near from which the worms might have been shaken, and the snow had been on the ground two or three days, and the ground was frozen hard before the snow fell. The worms appeared to be dead, but on being removed to a warm room, they soon immediately curled up when I took them in my hand. They were of a brown color, with about 12 or 16 legs."

E☞ There was an interesting exhibition in the Pennsylvania Senate chamber the other day. A party from the agricultural district of Lancaster, Cumberland County, with his wife and son about 12, appeared with verbal infant dough were, about four months old, followed by a large number of persons, all anxious to see the wonderful child. Chester County, which have never yet been tolled, and the boys were at liberty to be out-doors. We also notice Delaware-county in the list of counties which have not yet been tolled. The people of Chester County, which have never yet been tolled, and the boys were at liberty to be out-doors. We also notice Delaware-county in the list of counties which have not yet been tolled. The people of Chester County, which have never yet been tolled, and the boys were at liberty to be out-doors. We also notice Delaware-county in the list of counties which have not yet been tolled. The people of Chester County, which have never yet been tolled, and the boys were at liberty to be out-doors.

E☞ EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF BODY AND MIND.—The Lancaster Intelligencer says that Mr. Jacob Hostetter, a member of the Methodist Church,

"In Lititz—Dear Sir—Justice compels us to make known to you the wonderful operation of your valuable medicine, the ALTERATIVE. Mr. Jacob Hostetter, of this place, was afflicted with a severe cough, which for months baffled the skill of several physicians. Many of our friends had given him up to die with consumption. Having seen the Pennsylvania Hospital, hoping that under the guidance of Providence, your medicine might be instrumental in restoring him to health, he began to use it. He soon found relief in health, to the astonishment of his friends and neighbors. He is now in good health, and is able to attend to his business. Yours, &c. BENJAMIN HERR, JOHN BECKER, Committee."

The Lancaster Intelligencer says that the above mentioned symptoms of her disease were Dyspepsia—Low Spirits—Nervousness—Sick Headache—Loss of Appetite—Costiveness—Cough—Pain in the Side—Pain in the Back—Pain in the Limbs—Cold Feet—Drowsiness after meals—Wakefulness at night—Dreams—Nightmare—Hot Hands—Flushes of Heat—Sudden Flushes of Heat over the body—Fever—Dizziness—Want of Energy—Want of Memory—Want of Confidence—Great Depression of Spirits—Evil Forebodings—Fretfulness—Peevishness—Blues—Melancholy—Suicidal Thoughts—Sleeplessness—Dry Skin—Eruptions—Sallow Complexion—Pain in the Kidneys—Frequent Desire to Pass Water—Pain in the Bladder—Female Weakness—Nervous Debility—Rheumatism—Neuralgia—Fever and Ague—Erysipelas—Scrofula—Ulcers—Tumors—Blotches—Boils—Pimples—Tetter—Salt Rheum—Ringworm—Scald Head—Piles—Worms—Fever Sores—Scurvy—Mercurial Disease—Blood Spitting—Liver Complaint—Bronchitis—Asthma—Consumption—Diseases of the Urinary Organs—Spermatorrhœa—Impotency—Sterility—Leucorrhœa—Irregularities—Suppressions—Diseases of the Skin—Diseases of the Blood—Diseases of the Nerves—Diseases of the Heart—Diseases of the Head—Diseases of the Throat—Diseases of the Lungs—Diseases of the Stomach—Diseases of the Liver—Diseases of the Kidneys—Diseases of the Bowels—Diseases of the Bladder—Diseases of the Womb—Diseases of the Vagina—Diseases of the Ovaries—Diseases of the Prostate Gland—Diseases of the Testicles—Diseases of the Penis—Diseases of the Urethra—Diseases of the Rectum—Diseases of the Anus—Diseases of the Skin—Diseases of the Blood—Diseases of the Nerves—Diseases of the Heart—Diseases of the Head—Diseases of the Throat—Diseases of the Lungs—Diseases of the Stomach—Diseases of the Liver—Diseases of the Kidneys—Diseases of the Bowels—Diseases of the Bladder—Diseases of the Womb—Diseases of the Vagina—Diseases of the Ovaries—Diseases of the Prostate Gland—Diseases of the Testicles—Diseases of the Penis—Diseases of the Urethra—Diseases of the Rectum—Diseases of the Anus—Diseases of the Skin—Diseases of the Blood—Diseases of the Nerves—Diseases of the Heart—Diseases of the Head—Diseases of the Throat—Diseases of the Lungs—Diseases of the Stomach—Diseases of the Liver—Diseases of the Kidneys—Diseases of the Bowels—Diseases of the Bladder